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SAMARA CONTRACTOR





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ELMWOOD SCHOOL



SAMARA 1981-1982

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The book that you hold before you is the sum total of a year's effort and industry. The work and indeed the ideas have not however been ours exclusively. Firstly we must thank Kathy Suh, last year's Co-Editor who helped to get us on the right track last September (what's a 3-R planner?) and who offered quiet words of reassurance when a deadline(s) was missed. Secondly many thanks go to our resident photographer Mark Whitwill who tolerated our delays and cancelations and always provided the committee with beautiful photographs for any given event (some that even we did not know about). We have also been lucky in that we have been graced with a staff advisor who has provided assistance and encouragement, but who has maintained enough faith in us to allow us to make our own decisions; thank you Mrs. Tilson. Other members of the staff deserve our thanks; Mrs. Sigmund for tolerating our constant interruptions, Mrs. Butler for faithfully stuffing her accounts of sports events in our Samara box, and to Mr. McCabe for his encouragement.

The yearbook is a funny thing; even those members of grade 12 who had never wanted to have anything to do with it were hard pressed to avoid the subject as deadlines were missed, write-ups were late and pictures were lost. To them we owe thanks for their input and for not locking the committee in a convenient closet in mid-October. We'd particularly like to thank Jennifer Cheney, who not only tolerated our ramblings but who was kind enough to illustrate a number of our poems on

very short notice, and to Darya Farha, who took time out of her summer to help us.

Lastly, thank you to all the contributors, staff and students alike, because it is your input that enriches this book. It has been a year of hard work, but our work is now ended, and it is time for you the reader to survey our efforts.

Rosemary Clyde, Lisa Stilborn Co-Editors



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A CLOSE UP LOOK AT OUR HEADMISTRESS

Joan Baldwin Whitwill was born in the English country of Derbyshire in a town called Dronfield. The only child of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, her father was a teacher and headmaster of a boy's school. When their daughter was three years old the Baldwins moved south to Essex. As a small child, she was educated along with a handful of other local children by a governess in her parents' home. One might assume that her surroundings, in addition to her fathers' academic background would have led her into teaching. "On the contrary," she says, "my uncle was also a teacher, and I thought I'd had enough of it." Her ambition was to become a journalist.

After having finished her tutelage with the governess, she began studies at Colchester high school; a girls' school which was a ten mile trek by bus morning and night from the Baldwins' home. This ended when Mrs. Whitwill was 12 at which point she enrolled in a girls' boarding school called Wycombe Abbey. While she was at the Abbey, her father died and it became apparent to her that if she were to continue her education, she would have to do so on scholarship.

In 1934, she won a scholarship to Oxford. Oxford, according to Mrs. Whitwill turned out to be a bit of a shock. She enrolled to take a three year honors degree in English, and was informed by her tutor in the summer before her first term that should read twelve books of Virgil before September. These books were read in Spain where she filled in the time between high school and college working as an au pair girl. This was an experience that Mrs. Whitwill recalls with mixed feelings: treated as more of a servant than a student, she was given no opportunity to travel, and was continuously saddled with her employer's small child. She was "bored stiff." She offers good advice for any girl-considering an au pair job: "be sure that the family cares for you." Her stay did allow her to learn a smattering of Spanish which she has retained and often practices with Elmwood's many Spanish-speaking students.

After three busy years, she graduated with her degree (M.A. Honors Oxon.). At the time of the Munich Crisis, as Europe was on the threshold of the second world war, Mrs. Whitwill registered as an ambulance driver, and this is the position that she occupied throughout the war. She shared a flat with an Oxford "chum" who was dating a Canadian soldier. One evening Joan Baldwin was introduced to a friend of his, a fellow soldier: John Whitwill, who would become her husband in 1941. At the war's end, the Whitwills and their first of seven children Mary Lou came to Brandford Ontario. Mrs. Whitwill did not take up teaching until 1963, when her youngest child Sarah, was nine. She soon discovered that she quite enjoyed it. In 1964, the family to Ottawa. She had remained in touch with her Oxford "chum" who now was Mrs. Blyth, the headmistress of Elmwood, Mrs. Blyth invited her to join the staff, Mrs. Whitwill accepted, and taught English and history until 1969, when the Blyths moved to England, and she was appointed headmistress.

When asked what she found most enjoyable about her job, she replied "the contact with young people growing up, and with the staff." The aspect of her job that she finds most difficult is "dealing with parents with unrealistic goals for their children." She says: "university is

not for everyone." She feels that Elmwood's greatest asset is the personal interest of staff in students, "teachers who care." Like many of us, she concedes its greatest drawback is its lack of space, and inadequate gym and science facilities. Those will come though, she believes, in the future.

As to Mrs. Whitwill's future, she and her husband have bought a house in Ottawa. She has been offered a teaching position at Elmwood, but plans to wait at least a year before deciding whether to accept it. In the meantime she plans to enjoy her grandchildren, and to relax a little with some of her hobbies, which include sewing crafts, reading history and novels, bicycling, cooking and camping. Though she doubts that she will do much more camping, the Whitwills have camped from Ottawa to Vancouver; as she says, "when you have seven children, its the only way to travel." She also entertains the idea of taking some kind of university or craft course, perhaps to improve her French, or to learn a skill such as upholstering.

Today, Mrs. Whitwill's seven children; Mary Lou, Elizabeth, twins John and Mark, Paul, Stephen and Sarah are all grown up. A doting grandmother, she has 9 grandchildren, and reveals with great pride that her oldest, Deborah last year started university at Western Ontario.

To Mrs. Whitwill, we wish all the very best of health and happiness in the years to come. We will all miss her very much. We all hope that she will come back to teach, because she has a tremendous amount to offer. Mrs. Whitwill's career as an educator is not ended, neither has she, or will she ever stop learning.

Lisa Stilborn



HEADMISTRESS'S MESSAGE



Dear Samara friends:

Many times I have heard you ask, nay plead, nay beg, for contributions and I don't want to be one of those who make your life difficult. Your editors spoke of the things you have learnt this year and I am sure, although I can't remember for certain, that one of them must have been patience, patience, and still more patience. Yes, that is a valuable characteristic to acquire, one useful in many a situation.

It has been a great privilege over the years to be allowed a little space to use for a message to the school and I am sorry that this will probably be the last time. Who knows however. Maybe I will make, in other years to come, an unsolicited contribution or two, or three or more because I shall certainly be wishing the school good luck and great prosperity as I do now, with a full heart

Mrs. Gundy joins me in a message of good will. My happiest thought is that I leave you all in the caring hands of Mrs. White and Mrs. Gundy. Be as good to them as you have been to me and as they will be to you in the years to come.

Mrs. Whitwill

STATT



Mrs. Davis



Mrs. Butler



Mrs. Bellamy



Mrs. Duplessis



Mrs. Chance



Mrs. James



Mrs. Gerspacher



Mrs. Gundy



Mrs. Heacock



Mrs. Cry



Mrs. Knap



Mrs. Laidler



Mrs. McCabe



Miss Eamen



Mrs. Harwood-Jones



Absent: Mrs. Knowlton

THE TREES OF KNOWLEDGE

SUPPORT STAFF



Mrs. Carson and Mrs. Carter





Mark Whitwill



Mrs. Sigmund



Jan Kerkoerle

GRADS.

ELIZABETH ASHWORTH

Elizabeth came to Elmwood from Alberta in grade ten, and it's been uphill ever since then. Last year she was head of advertising for Samara; this year she has been Head Girl. Grade thirteen has been a year full of memories for the "H.G." Will you ever forget chocolates, rings or the Queen (the real one and the D.O.)? Or those terrible math classes, and last but not least, English classes across the road ("Je crois")? It's been a long hard four years, but you've finally made it! Elizabeth's great sense of humour and her ability to overcome all her problems (and everyone else's) have kept the class going all year. What would we have ever done without you? Elizabeth plans to go to U of T next year to study science (one of the few crazy people from the class of '82). We wish you the best of luck always, and will never ever forget you, H.G.!



JUTTA DUNWALD

Jutta descended upon us, without forewarning, in November. Jutta, by example, has taught us all to be young sophisticated European ladies, by gosh, we done learned real good! She has surprised Mrs. Heacock with her interesting(?) new form of "art(?)". This Klein kraut will learnen ze diplomace in arts in the hallowed halls of Ottawa U. We wish you all the best Jutta.



FIONA GALE

Our flowery Fiona has been plaguing the walls of Elmwood for eight long years. An artist, actress, prefect and jock, Fiona is a veritable kaleidoscope of interests. We shall never forget the ice cream sale, McKay Lake, school dances, trips to everywhere from McDonald's to the D.Q. and of course Polos. Our "Memories" of her will always be sweet. Planning on being a great archeologist, Fiona wants to launch her career at U of T. We'll always love you Spee-bo, toodle-ooh.

SHANNON JAEGER

Shannon has grown with Elmwood throughout the past five years. Many a time we have witnessed her talents as she has graced the stage at Elmwood. Dancer, singer, actress, prefect and expert munch-out artist, Shanunski has learned to adapt to nearly any role. Her aim in life is to drive through Europe in her psychedelic volkswagon in search of contentment and material happiness. Good luck Shannon, will see you in nirvanna.



JOSEPHINE LAM WAI YAN

Jo came to us this year from Hong Kong. At first she was a very quiet person. That however, was soon to change. As she got to know more Elmwoodians, Jo became more involved in school life and she wasn't quiet after all - in fact, she hardly stopped talking! (just kidding, Jo!). Known for her love of biology and classics (right?), Jo brought more spirit and laughter into grade 13 than one could imagine from such a small person. No one will ever forget Mickey Mouse catching eggs or Popeye Jo! Unfortunately, Jo had to leave us before the end of the school year - something which disappointed all of us. But Jo, you're in all our minds and none of us will ever forget you. Best of luck with whatever you do - and keep in touch.



HILDA PAPARONI

Hilda, better known as Lita came to Elmwood two years ago and instantly became a part of Rockcliffe life. That is, Hilda is often seen making her way from Ashbury to Elmwood, late as always, could it be that she spends her time in Ashbury's back quad? Oui, moi???! Lita is from Venezuala and with her worldly history has a mastery of three languages. Notorious around Elmwood for her undone tie, her burgundy sweater, her jewelry and her frequent appointments! However Lita is very scholarly in History 5A possibly because of a certain Ashburian named Andy. (He has such . . . Nice eyes!!!). We all love Lita dearly and I think our beautiful Spanish girl has had a terrific year. Buenas Suerte!



LYNN ROBERTSON

Although Lynn only graced(?) our hallowed halls in grade 12, she managed to become one of us very quickly - don't worry, I'm sure it will pass. She did this by involving herself in all aspects of school life; ethnic coffees, losing yourself in N.Y.C., and of course work, or is that going too far; this represents grade 12 in a nut shell. Now for something really different; grade 13; Stratford; "Does your hair hurt?" Swensen's, the D.Q., barking down O'Connor, playing tennis, Pavarotti, "Brideshead Revisited," an untimely appendix, Ashbury football games, doctored teas, "are your functions functioning?" "What's your elevation?" "... all I need at university are 2 wine glasses, 100 year old Grand Marnier and a picnic basket books? but why?"

We hope you will be seen around Toronto, appearing as a trendy bohemian ("Bohemians don't drink 100 year old Grand Marnier out of wine glasses, please!").

Much love, Peppy (or Preppy).

LESLIE SAUNDERS

Screeching Saunders (our resident screecher) has been amongst our pack for 2 years now and we have been all reminded of it daily. With double-jointed legs and "worthy" thoughts, she has left her mark upon the sound barriers of our school; the echoes will remain for years to come. We'll surely miss this nitwit as she "saunders" through Arts at Queen's with her collar up and her head in a headband. We wish you the best, as we know you will do well.



DEBBIE SEROPIAN

This short(est) member of our class, Debbie hates to be reminded of the fact that she really is a sawed off midget. Debbie has talked her way in and out of the hearts of millions, and the great mystery surrounding her is how she can eat so much and still maintain her petite trim figure. Throughout the year she has displayed a definite affinity for sitting behind closed doors(!) Working towards her goal of child psychologist, we know (somehow) that she will succeed in this rough, tough world.

Best of luck, Deb.





MARY SIMPSON

Our wee little Mary has inspired us in all sports She has given us new meanings in a soccer ball Our Car and has shown us all how to fly high on the mats She has Unfortunately, not all of us have been able to lanc now wo on our feet. Nevertheless, Mary will continue he things. endeavours in the future as a woman of the sport: distinct world, and we all wish her the very best in oblined, C taining her goals.

cookie.



KATHY SUH

Kathy came to Elmwood in grade 5 and has made it to grade 13. She has lived through a lot in those nine years, both in the gym on the soccer field and especially in the classroom. Her frequent perfect papers are nothing to be snickered at. She has proved herself in academics and sports many times over. But after putting that aside we see a very warm, gentle and terribly funny yellowhorned kid. She will always be remembered, especially by those of us who know the smell of wet wool, as one of the best water warriors in the school. In fact it could even be called her favourite pastime. In her final year at Elmwood she became Senior Prefect and held her position with dignity. She is one of the nicest people I know and will always be missed by who loved and knew her well. All the best in the future Kathy, you've earned it.

CAROLANN SWIFT

Our Carolann(e) is a 6 year veteran of Elmwood. She has been chapel monitor and prefect and is and now working her way towards bigger and better things. Her charitable thoughts are part of her distinct character, just as peanut butter is. Aw heck, Carolann, you'll go far. You're one tough cookie.



NINA TAIB

This is a first year for this (little) Malaysian dish . . . However her true self was not openly revealed until she proved herself a tiger on the playing field. A notorious cookie friend and a connaisseur of imported cigarettes, Nina (when at school) can usually be found studiously working in the classroom beyond. She is planning to take on the world . . . starting at Carleton U. with political science. Best of luck in all your endeavours.



PENELOPE WOODS

Miss Penel is a third year classic of Elmwood (skipping a few years in between). With penny loafers, alligator shirts, and a headband, Penel has danced her way through school with a Sony walkman . . . A naturally vivacious, warm woman, will we ever forget those Tobasco nights? Hate sessions? Sebastian? Of course Penel will do well when she goes on the road as a dancer for The Jam. We wish you all the best in the years to come.



BARBARA PACZYNSKI

Bobby or Basia is of Polish origin and has been at Elmwood for two years. Born in Quebec, her heart remains in Montreal. Bobby complains of Ottawa's boring night life yet she's managed to party pretty well this year. For those who don't know her, Bobby's a little girl who drives a green machine called "Eugene" (foreign sports car!) packed with 14 Elmwood and Ashbury students on their way to the "Polonez." A green-eyed supporter of Solidarity, she loves the "Stones," 'Deux Pierrot' and heavy political discussions. She claims to love Vienna for some reason or other (eh?) . . . Anyway, Bob, good luck next year, keep Eugene on the road (to McGill?) and never forget the great times with the so-called "Group" Powodzenia! Seras siempre mi amiga.











FORMS

GRADE 12HJ



Back Row: Darya Farha, Fiona McLeod, Christiana loeng, Barbara Paczynski, Olivia Alberto, Lynda Nadolny. Middle: Katja Hulley, Judy Steiner, Catherine Merklinger, Martha Gall, Caroline Martin, Sonia Dilawri, Rachel Gray. Front: Mrs. Horwood-Jones, Tina Reilly, Ann Raby, Sandra Titus, Sue Wurtele, Jen Bindman, Marina Folk, Danielle Thompson.

12 Hudge!

Another year in Elmwood and we're still living up to everyone's expectations. Notice that they put us away on the third floor? Well at least we got some exercise! Being such a large class, we were given many duties and of course we took them on, well, sometimes!

Junior lunch duty? Prayers? Monitors? Study!!???

Junior lunch duty? Prayers? Monitors? Study!!???

"Where were you period 6?" "Who left the milk last week?" "There were no grade 12's in prayers!" "We were at the store, you know Marina needed some 222's." "I don't use milk in my tea!" "Oh the traffic was so bad, imagine a snowstorm in April." "Sleep my Baby sleep." "Hey Baby." "Do you have "Tattoo You" at your house?"

"Lizzy, dizzy, can we go to your place for lunch?" "Bobby, can I borrow your car?" "Sure Sue." "Ginny, Ginny"

"Caroline, Sandra, let's go out to lunch?" "Where?" "The Polonez, where else?" "Hilda, can we use the common room?" "Lynda, what did you do last night?" "HUH????" "Lynda wake up!" "Gidday, eh?" "Stratford? What? Where When? Plays??? Oh yeah." "Tina, got a car?" "Solidarnosc, Bobby, take it easy, it's only World Politics." "Marte, did you do your french?" "Danielle, sign me in O.K.?" "God Ann, you'd think you took ballet or something!" "How BAAD was it Judi?" "Cindy, comment ça va toi?" "Tina, you ran over Leo's foot!" "Honest, I didn't mean to!!" "Raffsman, yah, Coasters, Nick's, who???" "Brandy's, ooh, drinking in uniform, sshh!"

didn't mean to!!" "Raftsman, yah, Coasters, Nick's, who???" "Brandy's, ooh, drinking in uniform, sshh!"

"Katja, did you do your theory?" "Well, this is the thing." "Sue, Partyyy!" "I need chocolate!" "Can we sit in
your car Sonia?" "Has anyone seen Fiona?" "No, I think she is in Hong Kong today!" "Darya, did you have to
drive through the snowbank?" "Is that a hicky?" "Jeees . . . ????" "The F.O.G. remains thick!!"

GRADE 120



Back Row: Shelly Donaldson, Mrs. Outerbridge, Jen Cheney. Middle: So Ling Wong, Cindy Hayes, Jill Baker, Bonnie Goodman, Joanna Pocock. Front: Anne Tessier, Paula Willis, Rosemary Clyde, Liz Wright, Lisa Stilborn, Janieta Eyre. Absent: Jennifer Leslie.

Jill Baker: Ambition: Nuclear Physicist, most likely to become a Road's Scholar.

Jen Cheney: Ambition: A naturalist, most likely to process forms for Junior Ranger camps.

Rosemary Clyde: Ambition: A nartist, most likely to paint the white lines at intersections.

Shelly Donaldson: Ambition: A successful architect, most likely to become a quarterback for the Detroit Tigers.

Janieta Eyre: Ambition: To become a poet, most likely to write jingles for Hallmark cards.

Bonnie Goodman: Ambition: A psychologist, most likely to be committed.

Cynthia Hayes: Ambition: To become an astronaut, most likely to become space cadet.

Jenny Leslie: Ambition: To make it through grade 12, most likely to try again.

Joanna Pocock: Ambition: To become a fashion designer, most likely to design Barbie clothes.

Lisa Stilborn: Ambition: To lead a fruitful life, most likely to become lifeguard at a Disco.

Anne Tessier: Ambition: To find her "Rooster," most likely to work for the Coq Roti.

Paula Willis: To become thoroughly content, most likely to . . . be late in life.

Liz Wright: Ambition: We don't know, most likely to be out to lunch.

So Ling Wong: Ambition: She doesn't know, she is thinking about it, most likely to make up P.E.T. program games.

GRADE 11J



Back Row: Debbie Gibson, Rosemary Todd, Lisa Ostiguy, Maureen Assaly. Middle Row: Juliana Farha, Sarah Peat, Sue Wiggins, Paula Gilbert, Heather Rogers, Mrs. James. Front Row: Teresa Basinski, Jessica Rudy, Mimi Wong, Eldita Ancona-Ricaldo, Debbie Brown, Elise Braithwaite, Heather McCormack. Absent: Yurie Yushita.

JAME'S ANGELS

Once upon a time there were 17 little angels(?) who went to the Elmwood Academy. They were assigned VERY hazardous duties...

Eldita - the Mexican Connection "vitamine Bust."
Maureen - always late for roll call.
Elise - standing in strong winds.
Debbie B. - "under cover" assignments.
Juliana and Sarah - the numbers racket.
Debbie G. - filling out pink slips.
Paula G. - secret rendezvous with agent T.I.M.
Heather McC. - extended vacations.
Lisa O. - agent of many "disguises."
Heather R. - union director "rebel in a raincoat."
Jessica - "directing and controlling" traffic(???).
Rose - puzzling criminals with her high vocabulary.
Sue - in charge of the French Revolution, Salut!!
Mimi - shooting with a silencer.
Yurie - identakit.

GRADE 11P



Back Row: Karen Davies, Nora Martinez, Mrs. Peat, Sarah Thorpe, Sarah Onyango. Middle: Ariane Discombe, Joanne Grace, Wendy Mutzeneek, Heidi McLaughlin, Sheila Reid. Front: Lisa Mierins, Susan Leggett, Kathy Dick, Kalli Varaklis, Marion Jones, Elizabeth Westley.

Karen: Take off eh!? Like I only WANNA BUD! Ya hoser! Katie: LASCIVA EST NOBIS PAGINA, VITA PROBA. IN VINO VERITAS (Latin). Joanne: MAMD ST DÂSHTAM TÔ AND ELMWOOD (Persian).

Nora: 如食大学, 西 (CHINESE)

Lisa Kelly: Solamente puede ser mejor (Spanish). Sue: as-sallam 'alaykum (Arabic). Heidi: II fau't tourner le clef avant de faire marcher cet auto (French).

Lisa 夏休みか次Cい2本-早よ Mierins: 平しましる (JAPANESE)

Wendy: Don't get your knickers in a twist! Sarah Onyango: Ninapenda Shuleni (Swahili). Sheila Ha en deilig sommer (Norwegian).

Sarah Thorpe: I'm going down the frog-and-toad, round the Johnney 'orner, to the rub-a-dub, to 'ave a pig's ear with me china plates, leaving the pots-and-pans at 'ome (Cockneyese).

Kalli: 'Aua me ag aπ as, kai e g w oa oea aπ elow (Greek).

Elizabeth: Trevlig sommar! (Swedish).

Tatjana: Mein erstes aber nicht let2tes Jahr in Elmwood (German).

GRADE 10T



Back Row: Heather Stoltz, Christina Campbell, Kirsten Kearsley, Niquette Ruddock, Linda Martin, Gemma Devine, Caroline Purkhart, Philippa Sheppard. Front Row: Elizabeth McClenahan, Anne Melick, Giselle Campeau, Janet Onyango, Elizabeth Preston, Chantal Mazur, Quentin Woloschuk.

Philly: You're such a t-t-t-errible g-g-g-gorgon my Dear . . . Now will I believe there are unicorns, to imagine is everything.

Christina: I wrote down some questions to ask; Don't forget to watch

Brideshead.

Quintin: What's your problem in life? Tin-tin Larousse!

Caroline: To everything there is a season. Strawberry Fields Forever.

Gemma: .

Chantal: HEARD THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT BROOKE AND ME?

WE'VE BEEN CALVINIZED! Cary: Girls don't kiss other girls!

Bissy: What's "wong" Bithy? Going to the dance with you know who? (M.S.).

Liynda: Deported? Now?

Liysby: In the bathtub? I could just d-i-e-die!!! Kiynki: I'll send Mike a dead fly, think he'll like it?

Heather: What, no lunch again?

Sue: What you talking about honey'chile? Whip-it!

Anne: How's it going, eh? Stop smiling!

Giselle: Hey man! Who's got my blush? Jee-eez I'm late! Janet: Never trust a human being, Mercutio, Benvolio, Ralph! Nicki: How short should I wear my miniskirt? Six or ten inches above

the knee?

SHALL WE COMPARE 10 TO ALL THAT IS GREAT?

GRADE 9Y



Back Row: Janet Walker, Leilani Farha, Nicola Maule, Diane Drouin, Sarah Molson, Laila Lalani. Middle: Jodie Pullen, Fiona Murray, Chris Jodoin, Nicola Grainger, Jenny Johnston. Front: Mr. Yates, Alexandra Martin, Annabel Mandy, Robin Miller, Julie Ann Brunet, Dominique Fraikin, Donna Desprey. Absent: Madeleine Alexander, Susan Westley.

Favourite Sayings

Grogg, Salad Day. Excuse me? Cheese. Um . . . I don't know. Tis quite nice. You guys are so dumb! Well, if that's the way you feel about it! Come on you guys! I don't like him Lei! Isn't he gorgeous! Pacificaly . . . But sir . . Please don't touch my pencil case! You guys. I'm going to kill him. Tacky. We're back together . . . That's O.K. I don't think this is very good! MADELEINE???

Julie Ann Leilani Chris Donna Fiona Alli Jodie Annabel Nicola M. Laila Madeleine Dominique Nicola G. Robin Janet Sue Sarah Diane Jenny Mr. Yates

GRADE 9MC



Back Row: Sabrina Wodrich, Caroline West, Cheryl Carson, Nadia Jacquot, Chantelle Brown, Cindy Rhodes, Anne-Marie Anthony. Front: Mr. McCabe, Krista Wedekamm, Raquel Kaplan, Jill Cohen, Christine Onyango, Anna Sherwood, Melissa Mech, Joanne Dictakis, Jennifer McConnery, Absent: Ida Di Menza.

OUR FAVORITE SAYINGS

Anne-Marie: "You big fat piece of bread dipped in vodka! Ya!" Chantelle: "Here comes my 19th nervous breakdown!"

Cheryl: "Oh well, life goes on!"

Jill: "Are you going skiing this weekend?"

Joanne: "Folio, here I come!"

Ida: "Does the season of spring exist at all?"

Nadia: "Quite interesting!"

Raquel: "And you know what else I want?"

Jennifer: "So what's the dirt?" Melissa: "I want to live until I die."

Christine: "Phasers on Stun! May I?"
Cindy: "What are you wearing to the dance?"
Anna: "Come on guys!"
Krista: "Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday."

Caroline: "Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, Whoops, Johnny etc . . ." Sabrina Wodrich: "Nicht schon wieder . . ."

Mr. McCabe: "You're late, AGAIN!!!"











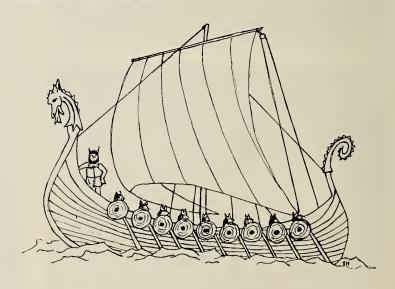
GRADE 8H



Back Row: Julia Fournier, Tassie Cameron, Anne DeMercado, Catherine Lougheed, Susan Liddle, Anamari Rodero, Roberta Bouchard. Front: Mrs. Hoy, Milena Sigmund, Virginia Robinson, Rachel Soar, Anne Richards, Jennifer Deacon, Lara Wilson, Kate Butler. Absent: Robin Tavel.

8H VIKINGS

ROBERTA the REBEL. KATE the CAUTIOUS. TASSIE the TRAUMATIC. JENNIFER the JESTER. ANNE the ANT. JULIA the JINGLE. SUSAN the SILENT. CATHY the CONSCIENTIOUS. ANNE the ANXIOUS. VIRGINIA the VICTORIOUS. MILENA the MINI MINDED. RACHEL the ROACH. ROBYN the RABBI. ANAMARI the ADMIRABLE. LARA the LAST. HOY the HIGHLANDER.



GRADE 8M



Back Row: Joanne Goneau, Alison Schmidt, Mrs. MacDonald, Barbara Toth, Nina Labarthe, Nappa Vejjajiva. Middle: Meredith Wright, Kathy Stewart, Suzette Argo, Karen Getzinger, Ruby Patrickson. Front: Lucy Jones, Joanne Beck, Wendy Mitchell, Judy Korecky, Pippa Banister.

8M WANT-ADS

Suzette Pippa

Joanne B.

Karrie Joanne G. Lucy

Judy

Nina

Wendy

Ruby

Alison

Kathy

Barb

Nana

A handsome artist.

A handsome cycling instructor. A centaur (half-man, half-horse).

A deaf man. A male model.

Two handsome and muscular water skiers.

A guy to rule the world with.

A tall, dark, and handsome male translator.

A gorgeous beautician named Shawn.

A crooked political employer.

A handsome and popular writer of

A handsome and popular writer who cooks.

A guy with initials 1 letter after I and one letter before G.

A tall, blond and handsome (blue eyed) man named Donald, Stu etc

An excuse.

A preppy companion.

To marry a handsome computer.

Napa Meredith Mrs. Macdonald

GRADE 7B



Back Row: Betsy Gall, Anne Turner, Jennifer Hopkyns, Samantha Gatti, Eliza James, Paige Kemball, Michelle Hearn, Jacqueline Likins. Front: Mrs. Bellamy, Michele Byrne, Patricia Roberts, Pilar Rodero, Ellen Bruce, Rachel Ancheson, Jane Lougheed, Nora Gorman, Jennifer Cohen, Chase Harris. Absent: Renée Fripp.

F.S.: = Favourite Saying. Amb.: = Ambition. P.D.: = Probable Destination.

Betsy C. Gall: (The C. stands for Chic). F.S.: "I'm so sorry! Please forgive me." Amb.: To be an artist. P.D.: A cartoonist.

Anne L. Turner: (The L. stands for Lovely). F.S.: "Oh my goodness!" Amb.: To be a vet.

Jennifer L. Hopkyns: (The L. stands for Lunatic). F.S.: "Sa-aa-am." Amb.: To be a gym teacher.

Samantha K. Gatti: (The K. stands for one of a Kind). F.S.: "I'll never talk to you again." Amb.: To be an actress. P.D.: Getting stage fright.

Eliza K. James: (The K. stands for Knowledgeable). F.S.: "Well actually . . ." Amb.: Public Relations Executive. P.D.: Public Relations Executive.

N. Paige Kemball: (The N. stands for Noble). F.S.: "Horses! Horses!"

C. Michelle Hearn: (The C. stands for Categorical). F.S.: "What is my favourite saying?" Amb.: To marry a hand-some prince. P.D.: To marry a frog.

Jackie B. Likins: (The B. stands for Beautiful), F.S.: "You guys . . .!!!" Amb.: To be an actress. P.D.: Falling off the stage.

Michele R. Byrne: (The R. stands for Ritzy). F.S.: "The boogins are coming!" Amb.: To be a psychiatrist. P.D.: Resident in a psychiatric ward.

Patricia A. Roberts: (The A. stands for Accomplished). F.S.: "Ka-arr-en!" Amb.: Horse rider in the Olympics. P.D.: Mucking out stalls.

Pili E. Rodero: (The E. stands for Elegant). F.S.: "Hi!"

Ellen D.C. Bruce: (The D.C. stands for Downright Crazy). F.S.: "Can I borrow a quarter?" Amb.: To be a famous oboeist. P.D.: Breaking my oboe.

Rachel A. Acheson: (The A. stands for Angelic). F.S.: "Good things come in small packages."

M. Jane Lougheed: (The M. stands for Mischievous). F.S.: "Silence is golden." Amb.: To be a children's doctor. P.D.: A child in hospital.

Nora E. Gorman: (The E. stands for Enthusiastic): F.S.: "I'm sorry."

Jennifer R. Cohen: (The R. stands for Ravishing), F.S.: "Do I have to?"

Chase A. Harris: (The A. stands for Adventurous). F.S.: "I'm weird, right? Right." Amb.: To become president of the U.S. P.D.: Assassination.

Renee E. Fripp: (The E. stands for Effulgent): F.S.: "I didn't know it was due today." Amb.: To jump over a ten foot fence on a horse. P.D.: Falling off.

GRADE 7S



Back Row: Julie Waterhouse, Gillian Hewitt, Anja Millar, Matilda Hahn, Caroline Chescoe, Kim Boselli. Middle: Melissa Kelly, Mercedes Nichol, Denise Treich, Roxanne Proulx, Karyn Simpson, Victoria Grossman-Hensel. Front: Mme Seguin, Kim Ling, Jennifer Chamberlain, Ashwina Bijoor, Fiona Doetsch, Caro Molson, Gillian Lorimer. Absent: Britta Dunwald, Claudia Fernandini.

Name

Ashwina Bijoor Kim Boselli Jennifer Chamberlain Caroline Chescoe Fiona Doetsch **Britta Dunwald** Claudia Fernandini Vicky Grossman-Hensel Matilda Hahn Gillian Hewitt Melissa Kelly Kim Ling Gillian Lorimer Anja Millar Caro Molson Mercedes Nichol Roxane Proulx Karyn Simpson Denise Treich Julie Waterhouse Mme Seguin

Favourite Saying

"Oh la la!"

"I'm going to marry J.R.!" "Oh yea man!" "I live for the weekend." "Oh my God!" "I did not study!" "Do you have marshmallow, Caro?" "What? I don't understand." "Sure, I'll show you." "In Brazil, they . . . "Cute!" "We need more chalk!" "Stop it!" "I forgot my book!" "You hoser!" "Come on, Britta!" "Oh no, what am I going to do?" "Freaky!" "Oh shmud!" "What are you doing, you fool!" "SO!"

Movie or T.V. program that relates

Dallas That's Life Three's Company Fame Reach For the Top Blonds Have More Fun The Great Brain The Sound of Music Chariots of Fire James Bond Stir Crazy The Glass House Littlest Hobo Doctor Who Happy Days Jaws III The Phantom of the Park Raiders of the Lost Ark The Black Stallion The Return from Witch Mountain The Lieutenant's FRENCH WOMAN



Back Row: Diane Burgess, Melinda Hamlyn, Nicole Jaques, Julie-Anne Rickerd, Michelle Munro, Elaine Stalter, Claudia Fernandini, Lisa Hillary, Nicola Cole. Front Row: Elanor Brodie, Tegan Schioler, Tara Morrison, Elizabeth Davies, Fiona Adams, Monica Ghosh, Stefanie Pecher, Britta Dunwald. Absent: Mrs. O'Brien.

Fiona Adams: Miss neat'ems - Good things come in small packages. Shawn Belton: Our female jock - Eat your heart out Brooke Shields!

Elanor Brodie: Egg-a-nor - Rich Little eat your heart out!

Diane Burgess: Louis - Beware of the trees. Nicola Cole: Picky-Nicky - How's your microwave?

Liz Davies: Only in Canada eh? Pity.

Monica Ghosh: International gigglepuss - Inflation, I'm now charging for liquid paper.

Melinda Hamlyn: Min-Melinda! Control your emotions, we're running out of Kleenex.

Lisa Hillary: Zaz - A touch of starchy class. Nicole Jaques: Bob Barker - Come on down!

Tara Morrison: Taffy - These are my cat's good points . . . Michelle Munro: Pumpkin - How do you spell that again? Julie-Anne Rickerd: Jules - She may look like an angel, but . . .

Tegan Schioler: Tiggy - Horse Power!!! Elaine Stalter: Pickle - Take off, eh!

Stefanie Pecher: Steff - Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your brown hair.



Back Row: Lisa Roberts, Melanie Cronk, Lourdes Rodero, Margaret Grodde, Sarah Young. Front Row: Allison MacFarlane, Heidi Staseson, Caroline Haider, Vanessa Smith, Erin McConomy, Laura Schmidt, Susanne Gossage. Absent: Mrs. Schmidt.

Melanie's mentor is Vincent Van Gogh, Whose creative design was never a laugh. Off to D.C. flies Susanne, oh so sadly, Hurry back soon, as we miss you so badly. Poor Margaret has learned to eat meat through a straw. As a mouthful of metal has made her gums raw. Caroline, oh Caroline, smiling so sweetly, Long golden hair that is braided so neatly. At the back of our room in a quiet wee corner, Laughs Allison silently like little Jack Horner. Bouncing and bubbling and bounding arou' Comes Erin, whose face shows never a frown. Quietly into the room comes our Lisa, Smiling with glee as she thinks about pizza. Imported from Mexico - their loss is our gain Perfection in English Lourdes will attain. Rocked back on her chair, Laura's year was spent, In dividing large numbers with great discontent. One of our choir, so lovely to hear Vanessa, our songbird, so nice to be near. Heidi hates fractions she says with great loathing, She'd much rather give her attention to clothing. Dancing her way through the Nutcracker Suite, Our Sugar Plum fairy is so-oh-petite. When the year is complete and the tests are all done, Mrs. Schmidt rounds it off and home we all run.





Back Row: Charles Proulx, Dominic Miller, Leonard Abraham, Gordon McArthur, Catharina Lewin, Vanessa Riddell, Lori Hillary. Front: Mrs. Scott, Ian Brodie, Zoe Pettengell, Hester Grodde, Genevieve LeBlanc, Samantha Ambridge, Akram Jaouni, Mary Gilbertson, Jeremy Neuringer, Rakesh Magun. Absent: Mai Vejjajiva.

Leonard loves lollypops, is always late for lessons, is not always lucky. He loves Luke Skywalker, he shaves lambs and hates latin. He loves Lori, Livia Cream, lipstick, and licorice. Samantha saw Santa, she said soup, supper, and sublimener! Samantha said slappy and sighed. She sucked spaghetti, spare ribs, sweet and sour socks in Mr. Scott's school, lan imp loves injured impalas, insects, and ill-ephants, lan is impossily ill right now with igers. Ian eats imbergars and inky iggs. Mary loves marshmallows and mangoes. She went to Mars and Mercury. Mary likes the Muppet show and Magnum P.I. She is a merry, mellow, moody, mopey monster! Hester hates hose noses, horses, homework, hippos, haircuts and hiccups. Henry and Aeliotropes Aamburgler are her happy helpers. Lori loves Leonard, lollypops, liquor, lighting matches, the Love Boat, and Lipizanners. Lori hates lessons, library, lunch and leaping leopards. She is lively, lucky, loopy and lovely. Akram aims to eat alligators, apes and agents. He actually ate Africa and Asia. He always attacks and amplifies angels. Gen likes good gardens, and loves garbage. She grits her teeth as she eats gonitas, garages, and stoppers, goslings, geese, ganders, goats, gophers, grease, grapes and galleries. Catharina loves cats, cakes, colours, checks and cars. She chuckles, camps, talks to cops, and is cuckoo. She enjoys California, cookies, caterpillars, candy, culture, coalas and Chanel. Ricky runs in races. He runs and runs and wraps the rope round his waist! He eats rhinos, rocks, roofs, rats and rings and drinks rain. Gordon giggles and gurgles gleefully with giraffes. Gordon gives gross gurgly girls grey gerbils. He loves gems, gallopping geese and Gen. Dominic looks like Donald Duck. He is a domestic Duck who delves, dabbles, demolishes and dives for ding-bats. He adores dancing, dogs, dimples, dracula, dumps, dawn and donuts. Jeremy jumps with jelly beans, Jeremy loves jello with jumping jacks and jam. He jiggles at St. John's and wears long johns during juggling judging. Zoe's zany about zorillas, zoos, and zoap operas. She pretends to protect poisonous pythons and loves popeye. Pink pollution and poppies are her pastimes. Charles cares for chicks, cats, chubbirds and cookies. Candies, Catharina and chuckles are his concerns. He is conservative, classy and clumsy. Vanessa likes to eat ringing rhinoceroses, roses, and nice puppies. Vanessa visits Vinnie, Vienna and Victoria. She roars for Ricky and Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer. Mai is the mischief maker, Mai hates monkeys, mooses, minks, and is moosed head. She loves to munch on marigolds, and mingles on flamingos.



Back Row: Elizabeth Hall, Barnaby James, Stephanie McKnight, Mark Zawidski, Hadeel Shaikh, Emily Sender, Mrs. Gerspspacher. Front: Sharon Holman, Andrew Whitehead, Vanessa Cronk, Nicole Calnan, Kathleen Scott, David Clark, Stephanie Dryden-Crypton. Absent: Yvonne Cristovici, Rodrigo Rodero.



















HOUSES

FRY



Fifth Row; (Left to Right): Roxanne Proulx, Anne Richards, Julia Fournier, Milena Sigmund, Judy Korecky, Wendy Mitchell, Katherine Stewart, Laila Lalani, Cindy Rhodes, Nadia Jacquot, Jutta Dunwald, Sarah Molson, Krista Wedekamm, Elizabeth Hall. Fourth Row: Michelle Munro, Diane Burgess, Heather Stoltz, Maureen Assaly, Ann Melick, Elda Ancona-Ricaldo, Penelope Woods, Leilani Farha, Sabrina Wodrich, Elizabeth Westley, Marion Jones, Donna Desprey, Jenny Johnston, Gill Lorimer. Third Row: Danielle Thompson, Bonnie Goodman, Katja Hulley, Martha Gall, Rachel Gray, Tina Reilly, Hilda Paparoni, Judy Steiner, Elise Braithwaite, Sheila Reid, Sarah Peat, Joanne Grace, Wendy Mutzeneek, Heather Rogers, Philippa Sheppard, Janet Onyango. Second Row: Tara Morrison, Kathleen Scott, Suzette Argo, Karen Getzinger, Vanessa Riddell, Jenny Leslie, Fiona Doetsch, Jennifer Chamberlain, Jennifer Hopkyns, Ashwina Bijoor, Michelle Byrne, Laura Schmidt, Carolyn Haider, Chantal Mazur, Christina Campbell, Chase Harris, Paige Kemball, Jennifer Cohen. First Row: David Clark, Barnaby James, Caro Molson, Elizabeth Ashworth, Fiona Gale, Kathy Shu, Shannon Jaeger, Akram Jaouni, Charles Proulx, Fiona Adams.

Dear Fry:

This year has really been good to us all, and has managed to slip by with great speed. We have certainly excelled in house spirit and have lived up to our motto 'friendship to all' with great ease. We even managed to save up some money from our gluttonous donut, ice cream and bake sales. My best wishes to you and many thanks for making the school year fun for all of us. Need I say your support was wonderful? Best of luck . . . although it will be the other houses that will need it next year.

And remember: F is for Fantastic R is for Really great Y is for Yahoo

FOR FRY JUST TAKES THE CAKE!

Love, Fiona

KELLER



Sixth Row; (Left to Right): Lisa Stilborn, Joanna Pocock, Janieta Eyre, Anne Tessier, Katherine Merklinger, Karen Davies, Jenny Bindman, Lynda Nadolny, Bobby Paczinsky, Anna Sherwood, Janet Walker, Melissa Mech, Jennifer McConnery, Joanne Dictakis, Carolyn West, Lisa Mierins. Fifth Row: Nicola Grainger, Nicola Maule, Chris Jodoin, Sarah Onyango, Sue Leggett, Jodie Pullen, Gemma Devine, Linda Martin. Fourth Row: Joanne Goneau, Jackie Likins, Lucy Jones, Kim Boselli, Gillian Hewitt, Julie Waterhouse, Christine Onyango, Mercedes Nichol, Barbara Toth, Tassie Cameron, Kirsten Kearsley, Niquette Ruddock, Heather McCormack, Sarah Thorpe, Susan Gossage, Lourdes Rodero, Margaret Grodde. Third Row: . . , . . ., Jeremy Neuringer, Diane Drouin, Melissa Kelly, Josephine Lam Wai Yan, Rosemary Todd, Kalli Varaklis, Roberta Bouchard, Sue Wurtele, Lisa Ostiguy, Quentin Wolschuk, Sue Wiggins, Genevieve LeBlanc, Mary Gilbertson. Second Row: Nora Goreman, Heidi Staseson, Sarah Young, Rachel Acheson, Kim Ling, Leslie Saunders, Monica Ghosh, Lisa Hillary, Elaine Stalter, Shawn Belton, Elizabeth Davies, Hester Grodde, Hadeel Shaikh, Samantha Ambridge, Zoe Pettengell. Front Row: lan Brodie, Rosemary Clyde, Andrew Whitehead.

Dear Keller:

This year has been a great success for us all. Although our numbers increased greatly, we never lost sight of our unity as a house. We were always able to enjoy every activity with lots of spirit and enthusiasm(?).

Keller's turnout at the house games was always terrific and our house motto "Fairl Play" was never forgotten. Everyone, all year long, remained cooperative and willing to participate which made my job so much easier. My thanks go to both the senior and the junior sport's captains and to my vice house head. But a special thanks goes to all members of Keller who helped make this year so great!

Leslie

NIGHTINGALE



Fifth Row; (Left to Right): Nina Taib, Claudia Fernandini, Virginia Robinson, Vicky Grossman-Hensel, Meredith Wright, Alison Schmidt, Joanne Bech, Paula Gilbert, Matilda Hahn, Anamari Rodero, Kate Butler, Anne DeMercado, Anja Miller. Fourth Row: Pippa Banister, Lara Wilson, Cheryl Carson, Ali Martin. Fiona Murray, Dominique Fraikin, Annabel Mandy, Chantelle Brown, Jill Cohen, Julie Ann Brunet, Anne Marie Anthony, Raquel Kaplan. Third Row: Tatjana Wodrich, Teresa Basinski, Katie Dick, Jessica Rudy, Debbie Brown, Darya Farha, Ann Raby, Caroline Martin, Sandra Titus, Liz Wright, Fiona McLeod, Marina Folk-Parrish, Jen Cheney, Caroline Chescoe, Denise Treich, Michelle Hearne. Second Row: Sonia Dilawri, Ariane Discombe, Robin Miller, Caroline Perkhart, Catherine Lougheed, Ruby Patrickson, Lori Hillary, Susan Liddle, Erin McConnery, Bili Rodero, Samantha Gatti, Giselle Campeau, Anne Turner, Liz Preston, Eliza James. First Row: Rakesh Magun, Gordon McArthur, Jane Lougheed, Susanne Gossage, Vanessa Smith, Mary Simpson, Lynn Robertson, Carolann Swift, Melanie Cronk, Vanessa Cronk, Emily Sender.

Dear Nightingale:

Once again this year we have proved that Nightingale is a house to be reckoned with. Smiling, through our losses of the year Nightingale bravely shone forth to win Sport's Day. The junior Nightingales deserve a special thanks for their unending (and deafening) enthusiasm. I'd also like to thank Paula Gilbert who at various times during the year patiently explained to me why __ was out. Good luck to Darya and encourage her as much as you did me.

With Love, Lynn

STUDENT'S COUNCIL



Dear Elmwood:

This year Students' Council had a mildly successful chocolate selling campaign. This brought out some of the "best" sales people in the school. We also introduced a new line of school rings which were more successful than the chocolates.

more successful than the chocolates.

This year our Spirit Week was one of the minor victories, something that actually went as it was planned. Student's spirit was fantastic which helped the rest of the week. The Talent Show, although well-received was not entirely Elmwood's production, Ashbury had a part.

Above all we would like to thank the support we have received from

Above all we would like to thank the support we have received from the Student's Council members who appeared at 8:30 every Friday morning.

Best of Luck to next year's representatives.

Elizabeth Ashworth (President) Jennifer Leslie (Vice-President) Left to Right: Back Row: Leilani Farha, Kalli Veraklis, Heather Rogers, Lisa Ostiguy, Rosemary, Todd, Sue Wurtele, Elizabeth Ashworth, Jenny Leslie, Caroline Martin, Sandra Titus, Heidi McLaughlin, Lisa Stilborn. Second Row: Diane Drouin, Juliana Farha, Katie Dick, Karen Getzinger, Quentin Woloschuk, Liz Preston, Nicola Maule. Front Row: Karen Davies, Kim Boselli, Vicky Grossman-Hensel, Tassie Cameron, Paige Kemball, Judy Korecky, Nicky Jacques, Lisa Hillary.

SUI SANG

Seated: Anne Tessier, Joanna Pocock, Paula Gilbert.

"Try to listen to other people. Try to understand what he or she is saying -- if you do not agree immediately try to understand why he or she is saying it."

Juay van Arkel

This is what the foster parents plan of Canada tries to promote through its various participants, such as Sui Sang.

Our job as members of Sui Sang has been to raise money, through activities to send to our two foster children: Warisman in Indonesia and Ayan Meine in Turkey. A brighter future for these two children relies on Elmwood's support, and we rely on yours.

Thank You Joanne, Anne, Paula



POUND



Joanne Bech, Joanne Goneau

The members of senior and junior pound perform a much needed and appreciated service for the Elmwood community. Much of their spare time at school is spent keeping track of socks, shoes, shorts, shirts, sweaters, bloomers, scarves, mitts, gloves and even kilts that are left somewhere in the school by students. We are sure that they will never forget that annual sale of lost goods, when everyone's long-forgotten possessions are dredged out of the pound cupboards and displayed in the dining room, and most of us try to steal back our goods without paying the fee to pound. Certainly this responsibility would give one a unique understanding of human nature. Thank you for a job well-done.





Liz Preston, Rachel Carson, Quentin Woloschuk.

Elmwood's advertising committee certainly didn't engage in any large scale advertising campaigns during this year, however we did manage to advertise the yearbook, a few dances and the Elmwood Super Sale. Thanks to all who helped - those who are in this picture and those who are not.

Jen Cheney



Back Row: Joanna Pocock, Martha Gall, Jen Cheney, Jill Baker. Front Row: Rosemary Clyde, Shelly Donaldson.

EAC

SENIOR LIBRARY



Back: Marion Jones, Elizabeth Westley. Front: Heather Stoltz, Christina Campbell.

The Senior library continues to stoutly maintain its identity despite also functioning as lunch room, study, meeting room, film studio etc.... There is a cheerful look provided by the new orange chairs and tables, the shelves, containing much new material are full (some to overflowing), the magazine rack displays a fuller range of periodicals and the new revolving paper-back book-rack (donated by the Mothers' Guild) provides attractive light reading.

Thanks should be given to the many people who have passed on books of interest to the library. Mrs. Mary Laidler in particular has enriched our fiction section with a great number of excellent contemporary hard back novels. Many thanks, of course, also go to the Mothers' Guild who maintain both the Senior and Junior libraries with their generous contributions from

the Super Sale.

In time, perhaps, Elmwood will have a library or Resource Centre that is only that and fully that. In the meantime we have an attractive room where study, research and imaginative release through reading can be rewardingly pursued. And that, after all, is what a library is all about.

Mrs. Tilson



Left to Right: Kathy Suh, Christina Campbell, Lisa Stilborn, Jill Baker.

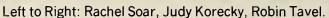
This year the team got off to a very early start, with our first and only game on the 26th of September. The team, composed of Jill Baker, Christine Campbell, Lisa Stilborn and Kathy Suh spent the two weeks frantically pouring over countless trivia books, quiz books and art books, in the hope of instilling ourselves with some much needed last minute knowledge. When passing each other in the hall, we would trade questions back and forth: "okay I've got a really good one: what's Cary Grant's real name?" or "who invented the blender?" Unfortunately we did not emerge victorious but A.Y. Jackson did not win without a good fight. Many thanks to Mrs. Horwood-Jones, whose encouragement and knowledge are many faceted. As for the team's future, we'll try again next year. Comme on dit en français: "Il ya toujours demain!"

Lisa Stilborn



BELL RINGER AND CHAPEL MONITOR







Susan Westley

Bell ringer and chapel monitor are two much-needed services at Elmwood which often go unthanked. Bell ringers are obliged to always have their eye on a watch (perhaps they are not the only ones) in order that the bell is rung at the correct time. To be a chapel monitor, one must be at prayers, (on time!) and must yell "pass your sheet to the end of the row please!" Its a frustrating job because half the school is either not awake yet, or catching up on news with their neighbors. Thank you, for doing your jobs so well, and helping to keep the school run on an even keel.



Danielle Thompson, Assistant Martha Gall

SENIOR DANCE



Back; (Left to Right): Shelly Donaldson, Mme Sabourin, Darya Farha. Front: Jenny Leslie, Lynn Robertson.

Dear Senior students:

With your help we have, once again, survived another round of social wonders(!!!). Despite an abundance of the usual parties we started the year with a surprisingly successful Hallowe'en dance, our thanks to those who came in costumes - a lot of them were super 'pumpkin head' the Indians, the gypsies, the preachers and the prostitutes, thanks!

The next term cropped up quicker than ever, and is best remembered by our annual Valentine's Day Dance, red streamers and all. The attendance for this was quite respectable and under the encouragement of 'budding roses' all the carnations were sold (or taken).

We finally made it to third term, bringing with it our most notable event, notably the lack of attendance, however despite a rather large senior party, and with all our thanks to our loyal supporters in grades 9 and 10, we broke even, but more importantly we all had fun. The theme was the 'Tacky Tourist' an easy, fun theme to dress up for -a few didn't have to dress up (I'm sure we can all admit to having brought something tacky at one time or another, failing this, our parents have!). Almost everyone tried to be tacky, and it turned out to be T.T.F.W., even the punch was tacky - but good! Although we didn't accumulate nearly that vast wealth of last year, we had fun, and hopefully you did too.

And now for the usual round of thanks - to our supporters (you dummy) to all those who helped in any way, to the people in the front offices for putting up with our insanities, and to all the staff who came (but didn't make their presence felt TOO strongly) to support, supervise, or just to look on. Many thanks to Mrs. Gundy and Mrs. Whitwill for being at every dance and for being in the right place at the right times. Our thanks especially to Mme Sabourin who managed to keep, or get, us straight on dates etc. . . . and to the rest of the committee, what can I say - Thanks.

Good Luck next year Love, us (S.D., D.F., L.J., J.J.L.!)

JUNIOR DANCE

The dance committee had a fairly successful year. Our first dance, held at Elmwood was a smash. The turnout was very good, as was the music, and a good time was had by all. The second dance was also held at Elmwood, and it too was enjoyable, and a great financial success. The junior dance committee actually made EXTRA money which was donated to the Sui Sang Committee. Unfortunately the dance that was to be combined with a barbecue and a baseball game never occurred, but it was a good year anyway. Many thanks to Mr. Sherwood and the Ashbury junior dance committee.

Roberta Rodger-Bouchard



Back Row: (Left to Right): Pippa Banister, Ashwina Bijoor, Lara Wilson. Front Row: Michelle Hearn, Jackie Likins, Barbara Toth.

FORMAL





Seated: Lynn Robertson, Mrs. White.

Dear Page:
We just wanted to thank you for allowing pictures of the joint Elmwood-Ashbury formal to appear on you. Although you weren't there, I can assure you that it was a great time. The country club did a fantastic job and credit is due to Mrs. White, Elizabeth Ashworth, Reverend Green and Mitch Rosenberg for their hard work during the year. Good luck to next year's committee as you'll have a tough time topping this one.

Lynn Robertson Head of the Formal Committee







多狗母翅 孤丑美

JUNIOR ENTERTAINMENT





Junior entertainment was once again a fabulous success, featuring a multitude of musical and dramatical riches presented by grades 3 to 8. Thank you very much to Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Cry, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Sheppard, and to all those behind the scenes.







TALENT SHOW AND SENIOR DRAMA COMPETITION













These were yet two more highlights in a drama filled year, the senior drama competition easily distin-guished from the Talent Show by its lack of Ashbury content. Both were jolly and amusing (though the Talent Show was considerably raunchier), in many cases demonstrating people's ability to devise original material at very short notice. The Talent Show also had its musical side, with drummers, guitarists and singers; "if I were a rich man, deedle-deedle dum . . ." The senior drama competition offered a chance for the school's budding playwrights to try out their material, and all met with great approval from students and staff alike.

ELMWOOD THEATRE COMPANY









In the two years since it was founded, the Elmwood Theater Company (ETC) has enjoyed remarkable success. It began last year by staging one act of Fielding's "Tom Jones" which captured an award for one of its players at the Independent School Drama Festival. This year it staged not one but two plays; Babel Rap and Big X Little Y. Actors and stage crew alike worked diligently all winter; evening and weekend practices were frequent. When spring rolled around though, they attained much deserved results, as Big X Little Y was selected best play at this year's Independent School Drama Festival. Congratulations to Mrs. Scott and to all the members of the ETC. We're very proud of you.

JUNIOR DRAMA





Grade 5 and 6 Back Row: Diane Burgess, Elanor Brodie, Julie-Anne Rickerd, Lisa Hillary, Second Row: Stephanie Second Pecher, Sarah Young, Heidi Staseson. Front Row: Lisa Roberts, Susanne Gossage, Margaret Grodde, Laura Schmidt.



This year Mrs. Sheppard continued to give drama lessons to those interested from grade 5 to 8. The response was enthusiastic as was too the participation of the young actresses in the classes which involved mime, play-reading, mood-acting and poetry reciting. The classes also entailed preparation for Junior Entertainment night, the prodigious event taking place on the 9th and 10th of March. Following the tradition of the school Junior Entertainment night was a bubbling success. Mrs. Scott organized the whole affair with lots of help from Mrs. O'Brien and although it was a long evening they managed to keep it running smoothly and even relatively quietly. It was an evening of variety with music (thanks to Mrs. Cry) singing (Mrs. O'Brien's choir), mime, poetry and plays in both French and English, in which the aforesaid drama group were greatly involved and indeed made up a good part of the evening. Eminent performances within the drama group were given by Kathy Stewart, Mathilde Hahn and Margaret Grodde. Memorable also were the heart warming productions of grade 3 and 4. I have it on the best authority that Mrs. Sheppard enjoyed teaching her group and would like to thank them for their dedicated zeal to the cause. The school gives a big thank you to Mrs. Chance and all the junior teachers who worked so hard and gave so much to the preparation and production of the two evenings.



Grade 7 and 8 Back Row: Lucy Jones, Gillian Hewitt, Jackie Likins, Chase Harris. Second Row: Milena Sigmund, Alison Schmidt, Susan Liddle, Anne DeMercado, Anja Miller, Vickie Grossman-Hensel. Front: Paige Kemball, Joanne Bech, Kathy Stewart, Catherine Lougheed, Wendy Mitchell, Jane Lougheed, Jennifer Hopkyns, Ellen

Bruce, Karen Simpson, Rachel Soar.

CHOIR







Fifth Row; (Left to Right): Betsy Gall, Martha Gall, Anne Tessier, Sue Wurtele, Janieta Eyre, Cheryl Carson, Ali Martin, Jodie Pullen, Nadia Jacquot, Fiona Murray, Rachel Gray, Gemma Devine, Bissie McClenahan, Marion Jones. Fourth Row: Joanne Goneau, Julia Fournier, Kim Boselli, Sarah Peat, Sarah Molson, Nicola Grainger, Christine Onyango, Jen Cheney, Krista Wedekamm, Rosemary Clyde, Niquette Ruddock, Judy Korecky, Matilda Hahn, Christina Campbell, Philippa Sheppard. Third Row: Katherine Stewart, Susan Liddle, Wendy Mitchell, Lucy Jones, Karen Simpson, Roxanne Proulx, Vicky Grossman-Hensel, Samantha Gatti, Barbara Toth, Alison Schmidt, Laura Schmidt, Tassie Cameron. Second Row: Tegan Schioler, Diane Burgess. Suzette Argo, Keidi Staseson, Melinda Hamlyn, Michelle Munro. First Row: Catherine Lougheed, Tara Morrison, Kim Ling, Lisa Roberts, Monica Ghosh, Elaine Stalter, Nicole Jacques, Elen Bruce, Vanessa Smith.

The Elmwood choir is rapidly approaching fame and fortune! This year our numbers have swelled noticeably and our appearances have been received with even more public recognition than last year. In early December, to inspire the worthy citizens of Ottawa with the merry spirit of the season, the choir, under the talented direction of Mrs. O'Brien and with the accompaniment of our professional pianist, Mrs. Staceson sang at the Rotunda in the Parliament Buildings. We sang some well-loved Christmas carols and introduced an unusual new one; 'The Three Kings' which combined two harmonized melodies into the one hymn. We were filmed for the news, but unfortunately the lights, so vital to the camera, did not work, so the people of Ottawa were deprived of the choir's angelic voices in their living rooms. However, after our successful performance at the "House on the Hill" we were taped in our over-used Elmwood gym for the CBC radio.



In the second term, on February 28th, the choid charmed the parishioners of the Ashbury chapel with the organ accompaniment played beautifully by Mrs. Horwood-Jones. This was a lenten service and we sang appropriate hymns from our own hymn books and of course 'Let There Be Peace On Earth.' Nine days later, after much hard work on the part of our conductor and ourselves we sang two lovely songs at Junior Entertainment and received an Encore(!) on Wednesday night. Our two songs 'The Rainbow Connection' and 'Evening Rondeau' were well-chosen well-loved and evidently well-received.

Our last occasion was to fill our lungs and sing on Closing Night, which cannot be described. We sang 'The Rose' with all of our hearts, as it was a gift to Mrs. Whitwill, and expressed both the love and the sadness that we feel at her departure. A Big Thanks to Mrs. O'Brien who has nurtured inspired and made the Elmwood choir what it is.

Philippa Sheppard



DIARP

FALL





September 10 - School started

September 25 - Coffee House at Elmwood

October 16 - \ Grade 12 and 13 visit

Stratford

October 30 - Junior Halloween Party

October 31 - Halloween Dance at

Elmwood

November 13 - Parent-Teacher in-

terviews

November 20 - Pink and Purple Day

Junior Dance at Elmwood

November 25 - St. Catherine's Day Soiree

at Elmwood

December 4 - Nightingale semi-dress-up

day

December 8 - Choir sang at the

Rotunda, Parliament Hill

December 18 - Carol Service 10:30

The junior Halloween party, is an annual treat enjoyed by the whole school, and this year was no exception. After dressing in their costumes, students paraded into the gym where the judging took place. Winners were: Monica Ghosh (Thai Costume), David Clark (Robot), Jennifer Hopkyns (for the funniest costume), Mercedes Nichol (camera), Melinda Hamlyn and Lisa Hillary (bride and groom), Milena Sigmund and Robyn Tavel (toothpaste and toothbrush) and Pippa Banister and Barbara Toth (push-me pull you). Students were not the only ones to dress up; most of the junior school teachers donned some version of the Elmwood uniform, tunics with some very 'non-regulation' shirt. Students were also treated to lunch in the dining room which was decorated complete with carved pumpkins and candles for the occasion.

















WINTER









January 15 - Coffee House at Elmwood

January 26 - Senior School watched French films at the Towne

Cinema

January 22 - Grade 11 trip to Quebec City

February 5 - Presentation of A Midsummer Night's Dream for

grades 8 through 10 Half-term holiday

February 8 - Half-term ho February 9-12 - Spirit Week

February 13 - Valentine's Dance at Elmwood

February 19 - Junior school skating outing, followed by a dance

that evening

February 23 - Canadian Math Competition

February 15-17 - Grade 6 winter camping at Brown Lake



Once again Spirit Week presented the ideal cure for the midwinter blahs. The highlight of the week was spirit day, which featured activities for the whole school. These included pillow fights on the beam, greased balloon races, three legged races, house tugs of war and a staff-student volleyball game and of course the obstacle

A number of other activities were also organized. The Talent Show was held on Wednesday, and that evening there was skating on the canal for both Elmwood and Ashbury seniors. On Saturday morning there was a game of touch football (in the snow?) followed by the Valentine's Dance that evening.









SPRING

March 9 -**Euclid and Descartes Math contests** March 9-10 -March 11 -Junior Entertainment Senior School health day - morning

Senior School drama festival - afternoon Entrance and scholarship exams

April 17 -April 22 -April 24 -Elmwood students compete in music festival SUPER SALE

April 30 -French contest at Carleton May 3-8 -May 9 -

Commonwealth Conference Big X Little Y and Babel Rap performed at the

Alumni theater May 10 -May 14 -May 17 -I.B. exams begin

Junior school public speaking contest Gauss Math Contest

May 18 -Grade 8 trip to Quebec City







PIANO RECITAL

The Elmwood piano recital, held on May 17, featured the many virtuosos of piano teacher Mrs. Cry. Students from grades 3 to 12 played a wide variety of classical selections which included both solos and duets. The evening was enjoyable and ran very smoothly, and the students long hours of practice helped to do credit to their teacher.



SUPER SALE

It has become a tradition; each year the Mothers' Guild collects all of our junk, somehow organizes it into something respectable that impresses us so much that we just have to buy it all back. This year was no exception. There were bargains galore including records, books, clothes, shoes, sports equipment, white elephants (junk), and of course baked goods. The profit this year was eleven thousand dollars, up again from last years total. For those who liked to speculate, there were raffle tickets to be had, the first prize being a weekend in Montreal. The sale, it would seem, is destined to succeed until the Elmwood community runs out of junk, and that, is unlikely. It is the students who benefit though, and thank you to the Mother's Guild for putting up such a tremendous effort.





JUNIOR PUBLIC SPEAKING

Elmwood's budding orators were given an opportunity to display their talent at the annual Junior Public speaking competition. The topics were varied and entertaining, and the speakers impressive. In the end, the winners were:

Dominic Miller - (grades 3 and 4) Vanessa Smith - (grades 5 and 6) Anja Miller - (grade 7) Catherine Lougheed - (grade 8)



May 21 - Tacky Tourist Dance at Elmwood May 25-27 - Grade 7 trip to Foley Mountain

May 28 - Student Elections
May 31 - Sports' Day
June 3 - Exams begin

June 9 - Elmwood-Ashbury Formal at the Country Club

June 10 - Grade 5 trip to Montreal

June 11 - Closing Ceremonies at De LaSalle Academy

MRS. WHITE APPOINTED HEADMISTRESS

Margaret Filson was born in Brighton, a product of the post-war baby boom. Both the primary and co-ed grammar schools that she attended were of the experimental type which became popular during that period. In both cases she was among the first group of students to be subjected to the new programs, a true "guinea pig," she says however, that both were excellent.

Following grammar school, she attended the University of Manchester where she enrolled in joint honors in French and drama. After a time she dropped the drama and opted simply for French. Her beautiful accent in French is the result of several summers spent in France, including some time spent at Montpelier University. After graduating with her degree, she was offered jobs in the executive trainee branches of both Harrod's and Marks and Spencer's. By that time she was no stranger to work, having held jobs since she had been thirteen. These included waitressing, cooking (at a sailing school) and stints as a shop clerk and barmaid. She says that many of her hotel and restaurant jobs awakened her to the seedier side of life. Rather than accepting the positions that were offered to her, she taught for a year in Liverpool to a class of nine year olds. "After a year," she says, "I was caught." When the year was up she moved to London to be closer to her future husband, a Canadian doing graduate work. In London she taught for six years at a school in the tough East end, which she enjoyed thoroughly. "Somewhere in here" she was married. Her husband had taken a position with the Bank of England, but after a time wished to return to Canada. She had planned to teach for a year when she arrived in Ottawa but soon discovered she was going to have a child. She took four years off from teaching, during which time she had two children; Matthew and Kate. In addition to raising two infants she took courses at Carleton, learned German and ran a co-op nursery school. She says that she is ill-suited to being a housewife, in spite of the fact that she enjoys sewing and cooking tremendously. "I'm an overachiever, everything had to be just right." It was at university that she found out about Elmwood through a Mrs. Schultz, who then taught at

the school. She informed her that there was an opening in the french department and encouraged her to apply for the position. An interview later, Mrs. White joined the staff and started teaching in January of 1976. Since then she has taught French to grades 3 to thirteen. Looking back, she feels her most glorious year was the one when she taught parttime; "everyone had wonderful food and the house was immaculate" she says.

Three years ago the position of vice-principal was vacated when Mrs. Aldous moved to Winnipeg, and was filled by Mrs. Gundy. At this time Mrs. White was asked to take over Mrs. Gundy's former job. Since that time she has worked in administration in addition to her teaching responsibilities.



When asked about her appointment as the new headmistress, she says she is quite excited and feels "quite privileged and a little apprehensive." We wish you the best of luck Mrs. White.

Lisa Stilborn

ART & LIT.

How many caterpillars have you turned to butterflies? A potent force constantly at work.

We came to you as caterpillars, crawling and groping for light.

Conscious only of the blades of grass that grew upon your lawn.

Then ever so gently you transported us to higher aspirations.

You encased us in a cocoon of the gentlest fibres. And, within the soft folds of your embrace, we began to realize our potentials . . .

... as butterflies.

Then one day we emerged from our long sleep and saw the light.

It is time for us to leave our cocoons, And brave the world as butterflies. We can fly . . . touch the sky attain our hopes and dreams.

And deep within the recesses of our hearts, Each of your butterflies knows; That it was the metamorphosis that you gave that saw us through.

Nina Taib

ONE STORMY NIGHT

I lay in my bed One stormy night And saw the Lord's Frightening light It is called lightening But I don't know why Because at times Its very frightening.

After that comes
A noise called thunder
How its made
I often wonder.
But now it's over
And I have no fear
Because I have my faithful
Teddy at my ear.

Tara Morrison

GIANT SPACE TOOL OF THE FUTURE

First there is the countdown, then there is the launch and the Space Shuttle Columbia will be in space for a second time. This flight will be very important because it will be the first time that the Canadian Space Arm will be on board.

The Space Arm weight three hundred and sixty kilograms and is over fifteen metres long. It can move a load with a mass of twenty-nine thousand, five hundred kilograms, and as big as eighteen point three metres by four point six metres.

The arm will be used to put satelites into orbit and to get them back if they need to be fixed. The space arm will also be used to help build future space stations. The Canadian Space Arm, which can be used for up to ten years and one hundred missions, is a very important contribution to the success of future space exploration.

Andrew Whitehead

Twisted old branches Moss green Wet Soggy Sturdy roots Tired damp trunks peaceful low branches lonely quivering in wind towering above sad bending tree swaying wildly in the wind stark gloomy scary branches dripping spreading roots spindly reaching branches waving like arms wild trees jungly old crooked creaking branches thin spidery fine elegant hollow hard skin tough bark ridged That is the sign of an autumn tree.

Margaret Grodde

FALL

Cinnamon grass on a dry day Ruby leaves on the beautiful trees. Burgundy wine on Thanksgiving. Chestnut, chestnuts for roasting on a wintery night. Beige houses warming up for the cold nights. Ochre days but it's very cold. Crimson scarves so your neck stays warm when its cold. Orchid purple sky the sun is setting fast. Copper fields in the horizon when the sun is setting. Strawberry roan horses running in the wind. Sugar ice dew on a windy Sunday morning. Golden leaves near a beautiful lake that are dancing in the wind. Night black are the early nights. Creamy grey, it's cold and wintry. Emerald blue waterfall full of bright coloured leaves. Indian hues are the colour of the trees' bark. Prickly yellow sun early in the morning.

Melanie Cronk





Silvery Slim Graceful Velvety leaves Dead, dead Alive with colours Wide Tall Rose red trees Stubby Long and luscious Ever green ever green Pine needles falling softly Needles, needles Soft pine needles Coloured leaves covering the ground Raindrops falling Late leaves Sun shining brightly Puddles everywhere.

Susanne Gossage

Fingery roots rose vine drawling up the tree dripping wet with dew at dawn flittering fluttering red, brown and yellow swaying in the wind long, slim trunk The Colorado blue spruce adding colour to earth The maple tree in the Wilson's front yard waving hello as I drive past leaves skipping to the ground bare trees look like monsters in the crisp night air flowers wilting and dying elms dancing in their mostly brown suit The oak in the schoolyard dancing in the cool breeze. Spiny sprinkly Look at that tree beckoning to me! I love the look of the autumn trees.

Laura Schmidt

I SEE YOU IN MY MIND



I see you in my mind:
A dark, rusty looking cabin
nestled among deep green fir trees.
Blending your gentle colours with their roughness.
Every shingle a weathered grey, from years of constant wind and rain.

A soft glow of a roaring fire invites, beckons me; to join in the peaceful quietness.

I see you in my mind tiny, dainty girl wrapped up in milky white diapers. In the quietness of my bedroom the melody of my music box singing. The music echoed in the small blue room. As the wind blows through the air You slowly fall into a deep dream.

Susan Liddle

Lara Wilson

I see you in my mind
As a bizarre figure,
Stranded in the web of time.
A piece that won't fit.
A shape standing beyond my reach;
I cannot get in touch with,
And friends just can't be found.
Everything falls so hard upon your head.
But what am I to do.
You are just a flickering light
In the brightness of the night
And I can't get in touch with your mind.
Sometimes I would like to join you
But I am afraid I will be sucked deeper and deeper
into something different . . .

Roberta Bouchard

I see you in my mind Scarlet orange Reaching out across a dark blue river. In the distance rapids falling and breaking the silence. Your brightness glimmering over the water. I see myself wandering through your mysterious gleams.

Milena Sigmund



I see you in my mind, A fast red blur across my eyes, The worn down fields, And the motionless bodies

The poppies now blanket these fields Waving at the past in the breeze, Whispering their grief in the wind

The crosses stand nobly, Not caring, just creaking. Remembering the death in their sighs.

Rachel Soar

I see you in my mind.
In a sparkly chinese crimson bowl
With crystally orange flowers laced down
the side.
Scarlet red, dotted with black seeds,
Mouth watering juice trickling down your rough skin.
The glimmering sunlight shimmering through a shutters crack.
I see myself clasping you between my hands

and nibbling on your tender sweetness.

Milena Sigmund



I see you in my mind; Snowy hair tumbling down round your shoulders. Showing me your long forgotten youth for a fleeting moment, until you deftly put it up again. Your rosy, smiling cheeks And keen hazel eyes. The mild lavender fragrance that floats drowsily from you. That far away look you get when you talk of your past, and your brisk, busy air when you cook or garden. Delicate but strong Fragile but shrewd. You have gone grandma, but I still see you in my mind.

Tassie Cameron



















SUNDAY

Grey stomachs unfurl Amid the chackling Sheets and quilts; And the rain spits At the door.

Clouds muffle the sounds on the street, And only the burlap Breath of invalids Melts into air.

Slippers scuff the Linoleum above my bed, And powder faced women Eat cheez-wiz on green Vinyl doilies.

Below wafts Bach's Brandenburgs, a Baroque dream to Tempt me from my Slumber.

But half-closed eyes Do not dare the morning; And the day lifts its Heavy heath, to drug my drying dreams.

Joanna Pocock

PORTRAIT OF A TEENAGE MIND

Let me go, Let me be free, You'll see what I can really be. My raging mind, Waiting to learn.

The waves are endless and surround me, Suffocating me, Holding me back, Pulling me down.

I'm a mirror image of what they want me to be, They won't let me think, Give me the key to this cage, Just let me be me.

Heather Stoltz

I once knew a girl who tried to hang herself. By the bathroom curtain. But the rail broke.

Anonymous

AIR TUNIS ASHTRAYS

Madonna flasks with halo caps and baby-Jesus-in-the-crib cups, Were what we saw from the laser controlled Escalator upstairs.

On the main floor, next to the robin hood wigs, And the shroud of Turin bathing suits, we Looked at the expandable rubber bathing caps. Napoleon was engraved on the left ear flap, and Josephine on the right.

I remember we left because you bought me the Last Elvis Presley bathtub.

Anonymous

HAIKU

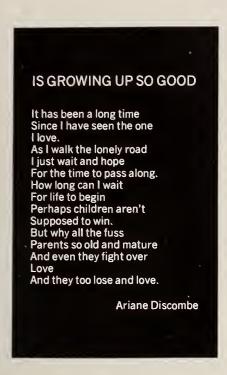
Moon in shadowy Splendour, laced up with the tips Of hard black branches.

Satin toe shoes knock The ground, tearing at the sore Feet of painful grace.

Flickering candles Sputter and spit their red wax Onto black lacquer.

With each gust of wind A hidden painter spreads clouds Across the sky.

Joanna Pocock



PENUMBRA

Today is the sort of day When cat's noses fog the glass; Rose petals envy each piece of grass And disturb the dew tipped clover.

And even the clouds Natural presence Makes unkind the beams Of sun.

But while the winds Make songs of leaves And discords of chimney smoke, The rocks stay firm In their ancient beds, To remind one of a better age And a future lost in dreams.

Joanna Pocock

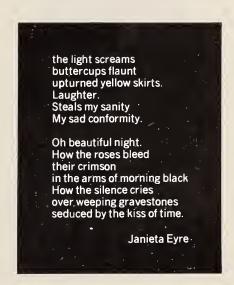
SAVOURED AMBROSIA

Suspended suicide,
The prolonged agony of a
Mendacious moment,
Its end in fuzzy sight:
A Bach fugue, a kiss, a chocolate truffle, a dance.
A crack of breath, so small it
Could pass unnoticed.

Anonymous

Moonshine Give me the light to see the ocean lapping its curls against the soft grains of sand, I feel the breeze and sniff the savoury air of the night Lead me on towards the shoreline and let me gaze at the black patches strewn amid the sand. The boats in the harbour They await the early morn fishermen. And the sea it sparkles as do my eyes at the sight. The tide is in the stars are out and I linger wanting to stay but the gulls they sleep and so must I.

Fiona Gale



SPRING

People drunk with desire and lust Leave their dingy winter spots, To eat and smell the chalky dust, Which comes with dirty heat of sun.

Swarming the dry, cracked cement Their bodies moist and bloated With ice and beer lament For the cool, crisp health of winter.

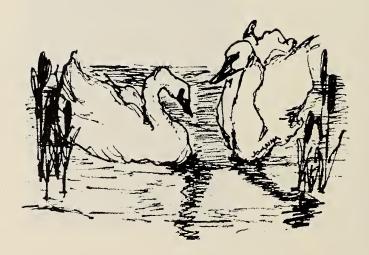
Insects with no respect, cling Themselves to sweaty faces And garbage cans, to sting The lifeblood within them.

The dirt green, infested waters to push their way between the Clear waves of ice cube blue, Make their home of soiled gulls and newspapers.

Soon the skins with smelly oils saturated, And burning an unnatural brown, Must turn themselves from the fated Heat to the white power of the setting sun.

Joanna Pocock





WILD GEESE

As the sun sinks slowly in the west Winter is trying to do its best To freeze the gentle wild geese.

The geese go before the winter snow But what is it that lets them know That it is time to go?

In their haste they leave a friend But he will catch up again Following them in V formation.

Melanie Cronk



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And even the clouds' Natural presence Makes unkind the beams Of sun.

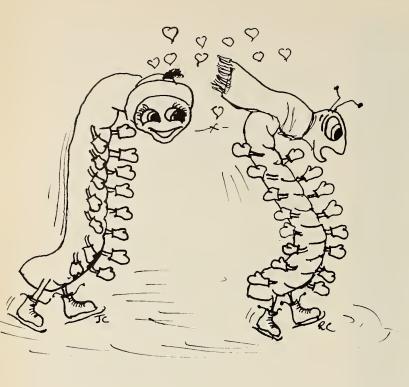
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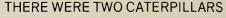
Joanna Pocock

Smooth Hard Orangy orange Green top Frowning Lives in the field up the road Sleepy Tired As big as a soccer ball Likes the fields where he lives He told me himself He smells delicious He tastes delicious too He stands in my window on Halloween night He's a frightful sight He's as round as an orange He scares the poor cat He's funny but ugly He lies on our mat He scares off the children that come to the door He takes all their candy and they get no more.

Caroline Haider







There were two caterpillars, who loved to skaterpillar. They'd put skates on their feet And wobble to beat The snakes to the ice.

There were two caterpillars, Who loved to do homeworkpillar. They'd sit at a table And while they're able Do their mathematics.

There were two caterpillars, Who loved to sleeperpillar. They'd get up in the morning, (they thought school was boring) And they went to sleep during Miss Molar's class.

There were two caterpillars Who loved to cookerpillar They'd come home in the night Then her fingers mom would bite to see the pudding boiling over.

There were two caterpillars
Who loved to play the pianopillar,
They'd start at dawn
Then play until the next morn
And dad would be yelling his heart out.

There were two caterpillars Who loved to fixerpillar. Downstairs in the damp They'd work on the lamp Ten seconds later, they would be no more.

Laura Schmidt



PRISILLA THE WATCH TURKEY

Once there was a little fat turkey named Prisilla who was to be the main course at the McCain family for Thanksgiving dinner. Just before Thanksgiving the McCains went out to a party leaving poor Prisilla in the yard to fatten. Poor Prisilla was of course upset, because she knew she was to be eaten the very next day. As Prisilla was sitting in the dark she heard a noise at the side of the house. She saw three shapes trying to sneak into the window. Prisilla was scared and gobbled loudly flapping her wings. The robbers were terrified and ran up the street. The McCains arrived back at this moment and saw Prisilla chasing the robbers. So Prisilla was not eaten and became a valued pet. The McCains placed a sign in their yard that read, "BEWARE VICIOUS WATCH TURKEY!"

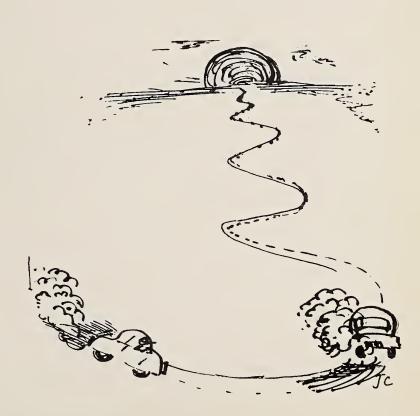
Melanie Cronk



MARTIN MARTIN MY LITTLE BROTHER

Martin, Martin, my little brother,
Decided he wanted to chase his Mother.
Martin, Martin, got in a car
And chased his Mother very far,
Martin, Martin, drove very quick
Right beside him he had a stick.
Martin, Martin, soon felt sorry
Because his Mother came back in a hurry.
Martin, Martin won't do it again
Because his backside is full of pain!

Vanessa Riddell



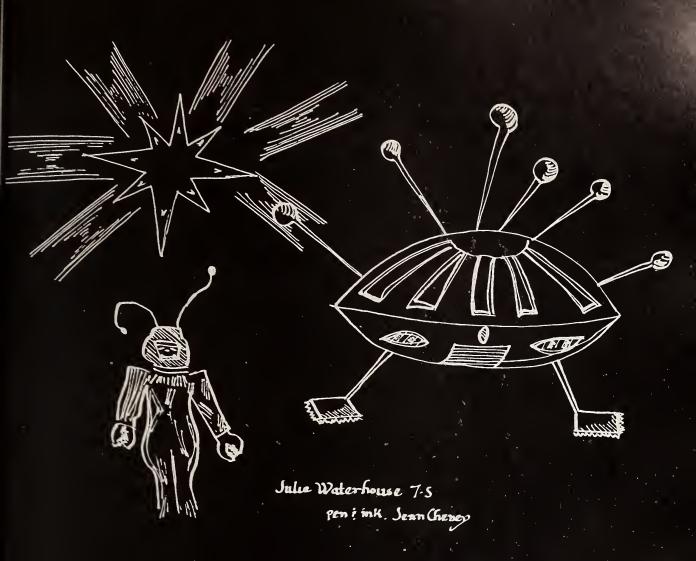




MERRY CHRISTMAS







ALIENS!

We are the aliens, aliens, aliens, We make the headlines, front pages and T.V. shows. We are the nightmares and horrors of thousands. We are the aliens. LEAVE US IN PEACE!

Scientists study us, think that they know us, But they don't know our secrets, not they, not they. Our spaceships land near mountains, Our spaceships land near cities, We are the aliens. BEWARE OF OUR POWER!

Secret ones, secret ones, swiftly awaken. There is power in our hands, and strength in our legions.

We are the aliens, No one can stop us, Scientists think that they know us, BUT THAT IS NOT TRUE!

Julie Waterhouse

By the Lake

Kate sat on the fringe of the group, half listening to their chat, but too tired to join in. She decided to get up, and walked over to the shore of the lake.

Night had fallen, making it resemble a wrinkle greyish blanket. The water swished up against the pebble shore with a sound that was faintly reassuring contrasted with the overplayed song that she could still hear in the background. Beyond the lake were grey lumps disguised as hills. During the day they were bright; covered in grass and trees; neither dull nor monotonous as they were now. For a moment she contemplated a walk through the shallow water, but it seemed a lot of trouble to take off her shoes and roll up her pants just in order to get her feet wet. The sky was clouded and starless. As a child she had gazed at it with wonder and amazement, but tonight she sought an answer to a question she did not even know, and that she was surely too cynical to accept. The sky had a strangely non-committal look to it tonight; it promised nothing and denied nothing. A year ago she had been here and stood in nearly this very spot; then, like someone who can only see what is immediately in front of them, she had known exactly what she wanted. Tonight she hadn't any idea what she wanted, but was certain that she didn't have it.

Sitting down on a rock she was reminded of the Virginia Slims cigarettes advertisement; "you've come a long way, Baby" and chuckled. She supposed that this could be said of her. As a small child, she had been shy, insecure, constantly seeking the approval of her peers and constantly faltering. She had conquered that, covering her fears and insecurities with a mask of self-assurance and invulnerability. It had been successful, others believed it, and so did she - most of the time. Acutely sensitive, she tempered it with strength where her own self was concerned, and did her best to retain it in her dealings with others. She was termed a "success," liked by many, respected by most, perhaps even admired by some and envied by others. She was lucky, she knew that, but any recognition that she had ever received was the result of hard work; things had not always been easy.

She thought of the plaque that hung in her study at home which said "the man worthwhile is the man who can smile when everything else goes wrong." This was her philosophy, admirable but fatiguing. Tonight she was tired of having held her chin up, and would it not have upset the people she was with, she would have screamed. They were her friends, though tonight they appeared as strangers.

The barrier that stood between herself and them was of her doing, she felt. She could not think of a way to convey to them the way she felt, she didn't quite understand it herself. Besides when she tried to explain how she felt, she rationalized it to the point where the listener or listeners were confident that she had everything under control; not tonight.

She was frayed, exhausted and empty from work, worry and exasperation, and could quite happily have gotten up and run away, had she not had things to do or people she was obligated to. In any case she hadn't any idea where she would go. She wanted this year to end; then she could place it at the back of a drawer. A few years later, she would recover it, congratulate herself for having endured the peaks and the valleys with the sense of perspective that increases with experience. And she would lie to her friends and say how wonderful it was to be young.

Silent tears of weariness streamed down her cheeks. How odd, that she who comforted many and shared their problems should cry alone. Her throat felt choked with restrained emotion, and her head pounded, but the crying gradually ceased. She felt a little better she supposed, though hardly relieved. She got up to her feet, and pulled her sweater closer against the late evening chill, and started to make her way back to the group.

Tomorrow, she will feel better, she hoped. With that thought, she wiped away the mascara that she was certain had smeared below her eyelids, and joined her friends.

Anonymous

THE CONVICT

A troubled mind, Yearning for help. Is denied the chance To change. Hope, What the heart seeks, So desperately, Is lost. Where is love? Will it conquer all? Alas, Love is not able To even try. One more chance Is but a tired cliché. Sympathy is dead Justice is done.

Elizabeth Preston



The cat winds herself around me her irritable ignorance does not please me

I wish to hit her but her innocence feeds my guilt flower. Hateful. On my sheets Why do I dream of love? My brother steals my cat laughs as he takes my confidante My speechless love. The wall I hold it but without warning it beats itself against my head.

Anonymous

MAY'S SONNET

I place myself beneath the rafters old
Where the gates of numbered thoughts are locked and barred
Desires held in secrets still untold
Hidden away in paper cracks, unmarred
Dinner held behind a wall of home and light
I taste my lingering memories of ink
That stain the changing sky all through the night
And in the morn invade the sunrise pink
Shall I cut off the strings of empty hope
Renewed beneath the shadows in the trees
And run up hills of grass and ivy rope
And hear the voice of streams and hum of bees
O can my mind yet rise above the cloud
The heavy rafters old too long and loud?

Darya Farha

THE WAR CRY

We are the centaurs, the centaurs, the centaurs We are the half human, half beast, half stallion As cunning as wild men, as savage as tigers We are the centaurs MEANEST OF MEN!

We storm over landscapes, we fight with the Lapiths
Our children are kicked, are spanked, are abused
Our herd attacked Theseus
Our herd attacked Heracles
We are the centaurs
MEANEST OF MEN!

Fierce ones! fierce ones! Gallop onward! Gallop onward! There is might in our hands and force in our hooves

We are the centaurs Descendants of Ixion A scourge to the Lapiths UNGODLY AND CRUEL!

Fion Doetsch, (Gr. 7)



BALLET

Grand battement, oh! Pirouette, not again! One, two, three, four, thump, thump, thump, Arabesque, demi coupe, streeetch, Plie, slowly, sloowly, not again, not again, again!

Michelle Hearn

My Favourite Sport

The water waves, waves, waves
As I reach the surface.
I feel it swish all around me.
A gulp of air, a taste of dryness,
Once more I dive, deeply dive
Down, Down, Down.
Bubbles climbing upwards,
Reaching towards the light.
A feeling of vastness, darkness and solitaire
Reaching through my bones

Faster, faster I get up, up, up
Towards the wavy sunlight rays;
I am surface-bounded once more.
I am alone in my private room, private place
No walls, no boundaries, no enclosure
Just darkness, fish, and me, me, me
Just me
No nuclear war, death or anymore math problems,
No crowded feeling.
No scorn, shame or anger,
I am free, free, free.

Just darkness, fish and me, me, me

Gall

Just darkness, fish, and me.

Betsy

I want to lie with you on a sand strewn beach under a midnight sky clustered with stars. I hear the waves rushing up and beating the shoreline. Contentment sombers my soul.

Fiona Gale



I'm sitting up in my bed writing Strange misgivings are reaching my soul It's very cold and very windy out of doors, and I feel an icy chill creep through my spine Sssh! There is creaking . . . but I know I'm alone I must determine the sound It's still there. Oh . . . it's like death sneaking into the hallway evading the cold . . . and lingering. But no feet hath death and two do I hear! I must be still. Why towards my room? Please stop and go away! I'm so scared And now my door opens . . .

Fiona Gale

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

The sun sinks low Beyond the horizon. A sparrow in the bush Flutters a soft Goodnight. The rose and its thorn are as one on the stem and all is silent again. But far away in the twilight mist A man walks softly, his footprints mingle with the dust. Gently, he sighs and slowly he stops to gaze at a well with stone walls. A shiny new penny sails through the air and echoes deep within. Attached is a wish for peace and love which all men desire and need. The hope of the world goes with thee.

Susan Leggett

A CITY STREET AT TWILIGHT

The darkened pane frames the scene Of lonely washed-out streets. The wind picks up the long-dead leaves While the rush of traffic beats.

And on a bench, sits a man Old and lined with toil. His gnarled pipe coughing smoke. His bearing, erect, and royal.

A young touch on this same street walks His hard eyes sheltering some wound Of past remorse, of past neglect. This shadow above him loomed.

A dusky twilight veiled this street The world of my window-all Smoky drifts and rosy hues kiss Behind the silver spire tall.

The crimson light now ebbs Its Midas touch now gone I turn my gaze aside My curtains are now drawn.

Philippa Sheppard



WHALE

Here is an animal who, with such poise and grace is a work of God; unmatched in expertise. The extent of his intelligence reaches far beyond what most people could imagine, and although he may be occasionally ashamed of his size, he shows it off in a friendly way,

He communicates through mannerisms, and politeness, and is terribly reserved!

But once I have made that eternal bond with the animal - that special contact with his feelings, he will never turn on me, never fail to honor me, and he will think of me; with a head, two arms and two legs equally amusing and puzzling as I will find him.

To trust an animal of such magnificence and treat it as an equal without

any fear of being rejected by it, is to observe its natural beauty.

I have the will to challenge the mysteries of his behaviour and love him.

He will accept me if I am myself with him as I am with a close friend, for I am also a work of God; unmatched in patience and perhaps, almost as unmatched in expertise . . . And when he and I will work together,

What a marvel it will be!

Jennifer Cheney

A WINTER MORNING

Through frosty windows, lacquered with intricate designs, shimmering rays of sunlight filter in As the door crashes open A new world is displayed . . . Whisps of wind skimming over roof tops, spraying snow into the turbulent air, A desolate trail of footprints, which had at one time crashed through the icy surface having splintering fibres but now, only an image of civilization remain. Along the dimly lit street the towering street lights flicker as the delicate snowflakes float to the ground. Trees moaning in the wind, their branches stiff and imprisoned by clear, brittle ice. Their waving fingers crying for help as they sway back and forth. Breaking the placed silence, dormant heaps of metal stationed on the side of the road, roar to life-sending pungent exhaust to gree an awakening world.

Paula Gilbert



LOVE

As she sat reflecting all the lost years, and ones yet to come-tears slowly trickled down her face as she recalled that someone special -His sparkling eyes, warm smile and gentle laugh. The long walks among the autumn leaves sprayed upon the asphalt. Talking under a streetlamp flickering in the cool, crisp night air, with delicate snowflakes floating through rays of golden light . . Emerging from the past comes the present, where she sits in solitude, separated from him forever but the pleasant memories will last to eternity.

Paula Gilbert

DOROTHY IN THE CITY

Dorothy lived alone in a big city on the east coast. She was young and pretty and had a good job as the secretary to an important executive. She had an extensive wardrobe and an airy apartment with a view over the river and its own washer and dryer. Dorothy also had a car, which she used on weekends for country outings with some of her many acquaintances, whose names were all neatly listed in her address and telephone book.

Sometimes Dorothy spent the morning staring out of her living room window, watching the light play on the river and wishing to drink up some of its playfulness, its beauty, that reminded her of diamonds. Sometimes she telephoned her parents and told them all about her adventures in the city, Dorothy was content.

Until one day things changed for Dorothy. It was the summer time and the days were long and pleasure filled. Those were her days of cold wine in the early morning and cigars at dusk. She slept late on Sundays, the air conditioner blowing over her body wound round with cool sheets. Until one day things were not the same.

Dorothy was at the supermarket. Opening her wallet to pay for the sugar she had bought, she saw that she had only a few dollar bills with her. Her breathing quickened as she handed over the money, and picking up her bag, ran to her car. She buried her shaking hand deep in her purse, groping for her bank book. Finally she felt its plastic smoothness and pulled it out. She turned to the correct page and saw that she had only one hundred dollars. Instantly images of sleepiness, the innumerable liquid dawns and dusks came to her mind, and she was paralyzed with fear. She knew they would be no longer. Her bag now felt repulsive, the last of the luxuries had tried to bring about ruin. She shoved the bag aside and started the car, gripping the wheel.

It seemed an eternity until she reached the apartment door. Gasping and tripping she arrived at her desk and began to make lists; food, clothing, rent, miscellaneous, until all the necessities and small pleasures of her life were tallied up on the notebook before her. It's the apartment, she thought which must go first. With a frantic sigh that hinted at remorseful tears, she scanned the room. She did not see each thing in it individually, but saw it all at once. She saw her playful lifestyle, her happy days, her silent satisfaction in that one glance around the rooms. She rushed to the window and leaned her whole weight against it so that she could look down and watch the tiny cars below, the insubstantial figures that seemed to slide across the streets, the green ink dots of trees. Suddenly it seemed that she was falling, spiraling toward the hard ground beneath, the motion of her limbs futile and small against the big sky, filled with moving clouds, and she now clutched her face, her cool and taut fingers pressing her eyelids shut.

The next day Dorothy hunted for a new apartment. She walked up and down the burning sidewalks, a newspaper held out in front of her. She drove from street to street each time finding nothing to comfort her. Each time she found small dark rooms, the wallpaper stained from leaks and the floor sprinkled with dry plaster. Each time, the landlord took her up, and leaned in the doorway, wiping his sticky hands on his undershirt and quoting rent without any movement of the eyes from the plaster sprinkled floor.

Anonymous

Finally she found an apartment that was not quite as dirty or dark as the others. It had no big window, but many dusty lights and pink walls. When she had agreed to take it the landlord smiled, and called his wife, who hurried up the stairs with a box of turkish delight.

Soon Dorothy moved into the new apartment. She set up her strangely out of place furniture and sold what she had no place for. After work she would climb the stairs wearily and fling open her door so that it knocked against the coat rack with a loud clang. Then she would set to work cleaning and rearranging and unpacking. She lived without luxuries and recorded her expenses on a pad next to her bed. At night she flung herself at the mattress, her burning face buried against the coolness of the sheets. But this was a bad neighbourhood. The night was filled with the strange sounds of police sirens and torn newspapers flying down the oil-stained streets. But the most penetrating noise came from the floor above her own where an old woman lived. Dorothy had seen her toothless dim face peering at her around corners before and imagined it now as her low animal-like moans crept through the floorboards to her bedroom, filling the air with a terrifying dread.

In the morning as she was going down the worn marble stairs, she met the landlord, and grabbing his arm to stop him, she asked about the old woman. "Ah, well, she is I think, crazy.

you know." he tapped his temple with an earnest look.

"It's hard to sleep with her chanting and moaning all night," said Dorothy, "I need my sleep." The landlord gazed sympathetically at the ground. "Yes, yes many of the other tenants complain. But I can do nothing. She's an old woman." He shrugged and continued down the stairs, the water in his pail spilling over the sides and landing with a soft slap on the marble.

That day was payday, Dorothy was more lighthearted than she had been in weeks. She hummed as she worked, and peeked inside her crisp envelope. Her finances were in order. She kept her bankbook on her desk so that she could open and close it, and be lulled by the numbers inside. That day her boss asked her to dinner, and she accepted, welcoming back a forgotten sensation.

They went to a restaurant, and afterwards they went dancing. She held him close to her and moved impulsively to the rhythm of the music, so that she almost forgot what she had suffered.

Back at her building, she flung open the door and strode to the stairs. The landlord sat reading on the landing, "Cease Fire Ignored" blared the headline of his paper.

Dorothy put on her nightgown, its soft cling making her feel safe. She descended beneath the sheets.

And then the moaning of the old woman began, her pitiful moans that told of the loneliness of black nights and sleeplessness. The cries cut into Dorothy and she fought back, thrashing between the covers so that all she could hear was the sound of linen rustling. Finally she lay, silently down her shining face. But no, she could not give up, she crossed the room and put on a record. It's trumpet sounds hid the voice of the old woman, and encircled Dorothy in her small room. Sitting up she saw the yellow corsage she had been wearing that evening still pinned to her dress. Unfastening it she rolled into a ball on the bed, and pressed it passionately to her nose, the fragrance of the flowers intoxicating her. She brought it closer so that it was nestled against her chest, and closed her eyes, grinning all the while.

Anonymous



VOCABULARY FOR THE INSANE (ELMWOODIANS)

 numbash; noun - collective; Phone numbers found on the wall of Elmwood's sacred lockerroom.

2. tea-kettler: noun - singular; feminine; - usually steamed; this word describes an Elmwoodian anxiously awaiting the boiling of the water in her kettle so she can make her usual pot of tea to be her only solace through another night of Elmwood homework and drudgery.

3. kiltscript: noun - collective; - the graffiti found on Elmwood kilts - usually written during those terribly exciting and motivating physics classes; - seemingly and constantly written by "not me, Mommy . . . I'd never dream of abusing the work of art contained within these beautiful, green-plaid threads! . . . honest!!!

4. peuf: verb-transitive; to peuf; peuf is the act of swinging your head in disgust at those physics formulas, pretending you understand completely - that in fact, you were born a physicist - when the truth is you are completely lost; - this action is usually performed at about 3:30 p.m. on Wednesday afternoons in the lab during everyone's favourite class.

Kusteri Klarsley.

ROBIN

Robin red breast flies;
Soaring through the skies;
Looking for seeds and weeds to eat,
Looking for branches to rest her feet,
Upon her nest, quite close to a lake,
She sits and waits for her eggs to break,
For when they do she'll give them names,
Like Sam and Sue and Little James.

Stephanie Dryden-Cripton, (Gr. 3)



SPORTS

SPORTS' CAPTAIN'S MESSAGE



Well another year of sports at Elmwood has ended. With it we had our fair share of victory, glory, defeat and frustration. In the inter school competitions, we sent our teams out to play basketball, volleyball and soccer as well as to compete in gymnastics, running and track and field. Congratulations to all those who participated as we held our heads high and made a good name for ourselves.

Intramural games started off stronger than ever with the grade nines making the turnout incredibly good. We played soccer, volleyball, baseball, 'sockey' and floor hockey.

Sport's Day was another great success with a tennis tournament as another addition

to the sports program.

My thanks go to the sports captains and to Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Knap and of course Mrs. Butler for their organizational help and constant support.

Susan



JOCKETTES!





JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL

Back Row: Joanne Beck, Jennifer Hopkyns, Lara Wilson, Anne Turner, Judy Korecky. Front: Pippa Banister, Joanne Goneau, Rachel Soar, Roberta Bouchard, Denise Treich, Lucy Jones.

The junior volleyball team competed in one major tournament at Pinecrest, where they fought valiantly, doing progressively better in their matches. Their efforts culminated in a narrow 14-15 loss. This is quite an accomplishment when the team had been given no prior opportunity to practice in a full size gym. Keep up the good fight!



JUNIOR SOCCER



(Left to Right): Judy Korecky, Ann Turner, Tassie Cameron, Jennifer Hopkyns, Jennifer Cohen, Karen Simpson. Front Row: Roberta Bouchard, Joanne Goneau, Pippa Banister, Lara Wilson, Renée Fripp, Lucy Jones, Chase Harris. Absent: Matilda Hahn.

The soccer team had a very impressive season. After playing a series of games at Queen Elizabeth school, they competed in a tournament at Brewer Park, where they advanced to the semifinals in the 'A' division.

Lucy Jones

JUNIOR RUNNING



Back Row; (Left to Right): Jennifer Hopkyns, Caro Molson, Fiona Doetsch, Rachel Acheson, Anne Turner. Front Row: Betsy Gall, Lara Wilson, Renée Fripp, Mercedes Nichol, Lucy Jones. Absent: Mathilde Hahn.



TERRY FOX RELAY

Elmwood entered two junior teams - each made up of five girls who competed along with two Ashbury teams in the Terry Fox Relay. The run took place along the parkway, and featured entries from forty schools. In the end, the Elmwood-Ashbury teams faired very well, - one placing 8th, and the other eleventh in the field, on a rain filled day. Well done.

CITIZEN'S INDOOR GAMES

The junior relay team, comprised of Betsy Gall, Nora Gorman, Caro Molson, Jennifer Hopkyns, Anne Turner and Fiona Doetsch, came within one second of qualifying for the finals, and placed a very respectable 18th out of 34 competitors. Fiona Doetsch was entered and ran in the 800 metres, running a very good race.

Mrs. Butler



BASKETBALL





As I know everybody has learned our first basketball squad had a brilliant and outstanding season, (we even had uniforms with REAL numbers on them). With almost no practice whatsoever and a questionable amount of skill, we played our best against teams whose players resembled those huge amazons and whose fans were somewhat less than polite. In fact one of our best players was bitten by an overly zealous opponent trying to capture the ball. Although our first games were lost, we did not lose hope - we had to win sometime!

Finally, in an exhibition game, the team, at its stupendous best, valiantly overcame insurmountable odds to reign victorious! Many thanks go, of course, to Mr. Yates (our fabulous and demanding coach), and our one woman cheering section: Jean. In closing, we'd just like to say: WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR BROOKFIELD!!!

Liz Preston









VOLLEYBALL

MAKING PROGRESS

The Senior Volleyball team met two formidable opponents this week (Canterbury and Brookfield) and after battles of varying length succumbed to overwhelming PERIENCE of their adversaries. The two contests acquainted us with certain areas where we can improve our skills and we WILL do so! As the competition continues the team's uprightly sportsmanship and swelling skills will further Elmwood's distinction as a school of character and determination.

After an excruciating. exhausting yet effective week of precise, proficient, productive practices, volleyball team set forth to take up the chanted challenge issued by the obliging opposition from Nepean High The stupendous School. struggle was not decided until three magnificent models of tenacious teamwork had left Elmwood shockingly short by the miniscule margins of 4 points and points in their final games of this most exhilarating, exciting and exacting exhibition of spirited sportsmanship.

After a further, furtive, furious fusion of their collected. collated capacities intensified through an extensive. pansive exposure to the tectechnical tonic. teaching techniques of their obstinate, obsessed, observing overseers, the glimmering, glorious, glamourous gladiators from Elmwood set forth in their persuasive persistent. spiring pursuit of that illusive







illuminous initiation into victory. However, the obscure, obstreperous, obtuse obstacle called Commerce High School denied them from their "Holy Grail" temporarily turning them away with a disagreeable, disappointing, disheartening dismissal by the inappreciable, inconsiderable, insignificant margin of two puny points as the valiant, valourous participants succumbed in the pivotal match by the narrowest of possible margins: 15-13.

Thank you girls, we're very proud of you . . . see you at 7:45 Monday morning.

The determined damsels of destiny from Elmwood after but a single, sincere, significant practice journeved out into the uncertain, uncomfortable. uncomplimentary, compromising, unconcionable, uncontrollable dwelling place of the day's opposition: Ecole

Secondaire Champlain. The sprightly, spirited sprites from our school defied their aggressively, aggrandized agents with exacting, exciting, exotic examples of exceedingly exceptional excellence that lasted through four, forbidding, fortifying and formidable forays. Yes, I did make mention of the number four. They have drunk from that elusive. elvsian. elixir called





VICTORY! The third game of this unrivalled, unparalled, unequated competition was confidently confiscated by our improving and suddenly imposing imps who firmly fashioned a 15-4 decision. The Eagles of Elmwood have found their feathers; wish them well.

The spontaneous, spirited, sports from Elmwood took their sporadic, speechless, spectacle on a tough tour of two oppressive, opinionated, opportune opponents conveniently concealed at Woodroofe and Sir Wilfrid Laurier High Schools. Our team approached each confrontation with their usual consistent, consuming confidence which was meant to contaminate, confuse and confound our would-be conquerors. The consecutive, concentrated, concise contests concluded with a series of uncomfortable, undeserved, unforgiving, unpitying underscores that ranged for a 15-0 lame lambasting to a 17-15 shattering shortcoming.

The delicated, delirious, delightful delegation of spluttering, spotaneous sportswomen bounced and bounded into perfect parallels of paralyzed paragons attempting to entertain and oppose the Rams of Rideau High School. On this day the crusty crowd of supposed supporters were the most exquisite examples of uncivil, uncourteous, uncouth boors that we have had the displeasure of performing before. Our ladies acquitted themselves with the expected persistent, perspicious perspiration through three thrilling, throbbing disputes. They rose as close as 15-13 before collapsing into the fractured frustrations as much to the tasteless taunts of the Rowdies of Rideau as to the abiding ablility of their adversary.

Back Row; (Left to Right): Jenny Bindman, Ali Martin. Center: Debbie Gibson, Kathy Suh, Rosemary Todd, Shelly Donaldson, Mr. McCabe. Front: Paula Gilbert, Mary Simpson, Fiona Gale, Leilani Farha, Cindy Rhodes, Chris Jodoin.

SOCCER

Back Row; (Left to Right): Rosemary Clyde, Mrs. Butler, Katja Hulley, Sabrina Wodrich, Jodie Pullen, Liz Preston, Kathy Suh, Chantelle Brown, Dominique Fraikin, Heidi McLaughlin. Front: Shannon Jaeger, Fiona Murray, Madeleine Alexander, Fiona Gale, Mary Simpson, Leilani Farha, Cindy Rhodes, Christina Campbell, Paula Gilbert, Rosemary Todd.











The Elmwood senior soccer team began the season with a great big bang; NEW uniforms. The team played a number of games, all of which were very close, and tied once against the high school of commerce. The team participated in one tournament held at Woodroofe, and played an exhibition game against Rideau at the end of the season. The season will be remembered for its numerous injuries (everyone seemed to take a turn at twisting an ankle or pulling a ligament, including Mrs. Butler, who spent much of the season on crutches), and also for its vicious water fights. It was an enjoyable season though, and the team with a large contingent of "minor niners" holds great promise for the future.

Rose Todd

RUNNING

Back Row; (Left to Right): Elise Braithwaite, Julie Anne Brunet, Niquette Ruddock, Jill Cohen, Susan Westley. Middle: Liz Preston, Sarah Molson. Front: Sarah Onyango, Jennifer Cheney, Mrs. Butler, Christina Campbell, Sheila Reid, Heather Rogers, Rosemary Clyde, Leilani Farha, Kathy Suh, Paula Gilbert.



This year many people joined the Cross-Country team which enabled us to do extremely well. Everyone performed with great spirit, team work, and personal effort. The Cross-Country team owes a great many thanks to our outgoing coach, Mrs. Butler and to our cheering section. Exceptional results were obtained by Niquette Ruddock and Elise Braithwaite, who placed 19th and 12th respectively in a field of 65 at the Ottawa Valley Cross-Country meet.

Sheila Reid Elise Braithwaite

OTTAWA CITIZEN INDOOR GAMES

In senior competition, the relay team consisting of Elise Braithwaite, Sheila Reid, Sarah Molson, Leilani Farha, Kathy Suh, and Paula Gilbert won their first heat and qualified for the quarterfinals where they were unfortunately eliminated. Their time was exceedingly good, and all were pleased with their performances. Niquette Ruddock and Susan Westley both competed in the 800 metres, running in personal best times.

Mrs. Butler



OTTAWA HIGH SCHOOL TRACK AND FIELD MEET

The track team performed better than ever before on this occasion, with fine performances from everyone, and with six team members placing in the top seven in their events. These athletes and their respective placings were as follows:

Elizabeth Ashworth Elise Braithwaite

Christine Campbell Elizabeth McClenahan Sheila Reid Niguette Ruddock 6th (shot-put) 1st (400 m)

2nd (200 m) 7th (1500 m) 5th (discus) 7th (400 m) 5th (400 m)







The story of 1982 was that of Elise Braithwaite. On May 29th, Elise competed in the Midget Girls 400 metre race against the best from Eastern Ontario. There she placed second overall, running in a personal best time of 59.5 seconds. This qualified her to compete in the provincial track and field meet the following Friday at Etobicoke Centennial Stadium in Toronto, where she placed sixth. Congratulations Elise!

GYMNASTICS

Back: Mrs. Butler, Janet Onyango. Middle: Mary Simpson, Fiona Gale. Front: Christine Onyango.

The gymnastics team had a very good season, in fact their most successful in recent history. Each Wednesday morning, its members came into school at 7:45 to practice in the gym. Hard work and early starts paid off though when it came time for the Ottawa high school gymnastics meet at Fisher Park high school. There two of the team members. Mary Simpson and Christine Onyango placed fourth and sixth respectively in their divisions in the floor exercises. Good performances, though were rendered by the whole team, congratulations!









TENNIS TEAM

Back Row; (Left to Right): Caroline Martin, Debbie Gibson, Christina Campbell. Middle: Paula Gilbert, Niquette Ruddock. Front: Tatjana Wodrich, Jennifer Cheney, Jessica Rudy, Kathy Suh, Fiona Murray.

This year Elmwood's racket wielding tennis team valiantly charged headlong into battle. However, despite the face that we failed to qualify for the city finals, our victories were memorable. The team's sense of humour and sportsmanship helped make the season a time enjoyed by all. Special thanks to Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Knap for their support and organization. We'll get them next year.

Sara Peat

SPORTS DAY









Sport's day was a great success, despite inclement weather, and the house totals reflect the keen participation of all.

In third place - Fry with 184 points, In second place - Keller with 190 points, In first place - Nightingale with 218 points.

The top junior athlete was Jennifer Hopkyns (7B) who accumulated a total of 6 first and 1 second, chalking up 20 points.

The top senior athlete was Niquette Ruddock (10T) who also chalked up 21 points for her fine performance.

Congratulations Everyone!!!

Mrs. Butler









The inclement weather certainly failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the students who continued to participate or cheer on their friends. The days activities were not however restricted to the athletic field; a number of entrepreneurs of all ages took advantage of the day to raise those few extra dollars for Sui Sang or Samara. Their efforts resulted in an extravaganza of culinary delights including baked goods, popcorn, popsicles, and soft drinks.









INTERLUDE



La vie en rose.



Would you prefer to take the detention today or tomorrow?



Toute le gang.



Sha boom sha boom, na na.



Destined for Broadway.



If you want to know my opinion . . .



The Elmwood boys.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE, PLUS ÇA

Change is inevitable; for this we may thank our stars. Without change we have no right to call ourselves civilized, for civilization is based on change, as is progress. "Change is a measurable difference observed in society and culture over a period of time" echoes my old history book, sitting on the shelf above me. Without change, stagnation sets in, and we lose our objective faculty. In short, change is the breath of sweet air to sweep away the cobwebs.

Yet there is a proverb about too much of a good thing, and Elmwood watches her own progress with a wary eye, remembering to cherish customs and traditions and only expand and broaden here horizons, rather than ignore the valued past for the sake of the present.

The most significant change at Elmwood is the departure of Mrs. Whitwill. As headmistress and a teacher, she has seen many changes in her years here. How Mrs. Whitwill must remember countless





faces and laughter as she walks the "hallowed halls of our fair school." This is a hard change for the school, we will miss her dearly and hope she will visit us often.

This year the old girls had rather a surprise when they walked into the garden; two extensions of the school met their "wond'ring eyes," the portables for grades three and four. Next year another will be added to accomodate our swelling numbers, as we grow closer to the three hundred mark. A new house has been baptized in honour of this new growth; (Carine) Wilson House will join Fry, Keller and Nightingale next year. Also, Elmwood will be offering grade two to the world come September, and for the first time, rooms one and two (favourite haunts of Cathy the ghost) will be used in order that junior scientists may now have their own lab.

Elmwood's horizons are indeed broadening. This year we allowed the Space Age to invade a room on the third floor in the form of three "Pet" computers. Next year, computer science will be offered as well as the many other courses which used to be taken care of by Ashbury. So, all senior girls will be thankful to know that trudging to Ashbury in Arctic winds and arriving ten minutes late for class will no longer be a part of their daily lives. Of course nobody will miss the boys!!!

This year Mr. MacCabe, the articulate history teacher with a flair for sports was a welcome second male addition to the staff room; as well as Mrs. Cry, the music and piano teacher who entered some of her

prodigies in the music festival this past spring.

Next year, the staff room will be positively expanded into the corridor with Mrs. MacGregor (Math and Science) and Mrs. Johnston (History, Economics and E.S.L.), and a new gym teacher. Changes will also ap-

pear in the office, and two new faces will appear.

In the Drama department, a new lighting and sound system (courtesy of the Mother's Guild) was installed, which was a great aid to the Elmwood Theater Company, who will, by the way, be hosting next year's Independent School Drama Festival.





Our gym, while not getting bigger, is certainly becoming better equipped. The Mother's Guild and other monetary fountains provided us with new mats and soccer nets in addition to innumerable other gymnastic paraphernalia. The Mother's Guild has also bought a new piano for the school and donated a thousand dollars to both libraries (bookworms, look out!).

Our ceremonies also saw some changes. The Formal, which was once again a joint Elmwood-Ashbury production took place at the Country Club and was a fabulous success. The Closing Ceremonies were held in the impressive auditorium of De la Salle School

and went very gracefully.

We may now look back with affection on 1981-1982 as a busy school year. The miniature world of Elmwood has seen the passage of many years and many changes, but conservative thinkers, rest assured. The furniture and numbers of Elmwood may change, but her heart will remain the same.

Philippa Sheppard

CLOSING

REPORT OF THE HEADMISTRESS JUNE 1982

Madam Chairman, Mr. Vice-Chairman, parents, school and friends.

This is the last time I shall talk to you at "Closing." It is the last of many "lasts" for me and they do not get any easier. Yesterday the Junior School and I had a marvelous party and I was telling them, as well as I could that I was not the only one to care deeply for them, that they would continue to be watched over with affection by all of our staff, in particular by Mrs. Chance and their form teachers and by Mrs. White and Mrs. Gundy. This is not an end; it is a beginning. This is Elmwood's day, and Mrs. White's day, the day of my successor. How lucky we are, she and I, that we have been able to work together these last months. That has eased the transition for both of us. It has been a busy time; rendered somewhat traumatic by the sudden disappearance from the sense of our strong right arm, our Vice-Principal, Mrs. Gundy. She returns to us in record time from her hospital bed, - but Oh - How she was missed. To mix metaphors we felt sometimes we were flying on one wing.

Today, please, make yourself known to Mrs. White, if there are some of you who do not already know her.

And today, this most auspicious day, we welcome back Mrs. Aldous, well-known and dear to so many of you. She is here with us on the platform as so many times in the past she was here to help to hand out the prizes to the students she cared for so deeply. Her genius and her sayings still linger in school and staff room. What I know about art history I learnt as I listened to Mrs. Aldous teaching at the hall table and occasionally one staff member will say to another

"Do you remember what Barbara used to say about that?" and we remind ourselves of one of the most celebrated - "Sports Day will be on Friday the 9th, but if it rains on the 9th, we will have Sports Day on the 8th."

For me she was the constant and loyal mentor and I have been blessed in that Mrs. Gundy has successfully taken over that job, ably seconded by Mrs. White, the teaching staff, and the people in the office.

Elmwood is at the threshold of a year that will be like no other - a record enrolment, and extension to grade two, a new portable,

the beginning of a new building program.

Next year there will be four houses instead of the traditional three. The new house will be CAIRINE WILSON House after one of the best friends Elmwood ever had. Mrs. Wilson is celebrated as the first Canadian Woman Senator, but she was much more than that she was much more than a woman pioneering in a man's world. She was also one who cared, above all for the homeless and threatened children of a war torn Europe. From the moment Hitler marched into Sudetenland in September 1938, through the years when bombs rained down on Europe and helpless families in Poland, Norway, France, and Belgium and Holland were driven from their homes, she worked to make these people, especially children, welcome in Canada. She tackled one of the greatest problems of those times, that of Displaced Persons. Thoughout all this hard work she remained a gracious hostess, a woman whom her male contemporaries respected and acknowledged as equal. She found time to care for the school, Elmwood, which six of her children attended. We could not find a person, man or woman more fitted to exemplify our school motto 'Summa Summarum'. On her office wall was a framed poem with words that sound somewhat familiar, which might be adopted as a house motto.

"To spend ourselves and never count the cost for others' greater need."

It is a deep satisfaction to me that the school is in such flourishing shape. Many decisions remain to be taken, new programmes to be put into place, but we, they, all go forward in confidence. There will be courses in philosophy and economics, in typing, business maths, computers, E.S.L. and senior music, all to be taught at Elmwood. We welcome today new member of the staff.

Mrs. Faith Johnston for History and economics.

Mrs. McGregor for maths.

Mrs. Brenda Neale for physical education.

This year has seen trips to Quebec city, to Foley Mountain, to Montreal - great experiences. We would do more of these if time allowed but "Time's winged chariot is always hovering near."

The senior Drama Club won the top award - Best Play - in the Independent School Drama Festival, this year held at Trinity College

School, Port Hope. Our choir sang by invitation at Mackay Street United Church and at Ashbury College.

Our athletes did very well, an active year culminating in advance to provincial competition in the 400 metres from Elise Braithwaite, who came eighth in Ontario. This was just the highlight. Seven of our girls competed for Ottawa titles and there were Elmwood teams competing in high school and junior school volleyball, soccer and basketball, tennis tournaments and gymnastic competition. Just as important were the house games and the "personal bests" achieved during the year.

We entered academic competition too, the Humane Society Essay for Junior School, the Gauss mathematics tests, and the Euclid and Descartes competitions run by Waterloo University, also the Ottawa Carleton Annual French Competition, meeting with good success in all of these. Last summer we received the results of the International Baccalaureate examinations written in May, two

sevens, five sixes, fourteen fives, eight fours and one three.

We held entrance examinations in April for about eighty students and for another few late applicants in May.

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Internal grade 7 entrance -Internal grade 9 entrance -External grade 9 entrance -Internal grade 11 entrance - Tara Morrison Milena Sigmund Jane Basinski Elizabeth Preston

While Mrs. Hewitt is here I would like to thank the Guild for their hard work for the Garage Sale and throughout the year activities which brought in a handsome sum and, as a result, many valuable gifts to the school.

We say good-bye with good wishes indeed to

Mrs. Elizabeth Davis

Mrs. Pat Butler

Mrs. Lorraine Carson in the office

Mrs. Davis picked up our senior English programme at the critical time and has been consistently helpful, giving services beyond what is expected of a part-time teacher.

Mrs. Butler has been an inspiration to us all, joining with her students in every endeavour, a respected counsellor and guide to all our girls.

Mrs. Carson has patiently put up with our mistakes, our changes of direction, constant interruption and the vagrancies of the office machines.

The devoted cadre of teachers who will be staying at Elmwood know they have my respect and thanks. They have given so much and each has added something to the spirit that makes Elmwood unique.

My grateful thanks to the Mother's Guild, Mrs. Hewitt, and the Parents Association, Mr. Brodie, for their help and for the lovely retirement party of the 13th which expressed to me so much of what Elmwood is all about. Thank You!

To the Board of Governors - thank you once more for your support which has meant hard work and many, many meetings.

I leave with some sorrow, but with love and joy, knowing that you, Elmwood students, are in good and loving hands.

To my history students - carry on, remember our pride in Canada and our hope for internationalism.

To the prefect body, bless you for your help and companionship, and particularly thanks to Elizabeth, our Head Girl, from whom you are about to hear.

May fair weather and fine sailing be the lot of all here.



VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

There is an old saying that education is simply wise preparation for the future, and what better place to prepare than Elmwood. As this year comes to a close, we the graduating class find ourselves looking back with fond memories at the successes and with remorse at the failures. Regardless of the misfortunes that we have encountered along the way, we have forged onward and now find ourselves ready and willing to begin the next phase of our life. It has been a slow process but the rewards have been well worth the time and effort spent.

The graduating class has had a busy year, with Spirit Week, and Sports' Day to name a few, students council also shared some of that activity with our numerous money making adventures. The hard work always seemed worthwhile when someone told us that an event that we had organized was a great success and that they really enjoyed it. It is these small but meaningful remarks that are worth a thousand prizes. Elmwood is a relatively small school and is therefore capable of showing these qualities, and I sincerely hope that as Elmwood continues to grow that this gift of a family like atmosphere will never die. The students of Elmwood hold an important part of this life and it is necessary that you know that it is your enthusiasm that generates enthusiasm in others. Don't lose this quality, it is hard to build, and all too easy to lose.

Mrs. Whitwill was and will continue to be an integral part of this family life at Elmwood. There were times when we needed help and encouragement and she was always available to pass on a "good luck" or a "well done." I consider it an honour to have met her and Elmwood should feel it an honour that she shared so many of her years with us. On behalf of the graduating class, I would like to extend our appreciation to Mrs. Whitwill for her never ending support thoughout the year. But there is consolation in knowing that the position of headmistress has been very capably filled by Mrs. White, and we wish her all the successes that accompany her in her new position.

Another beginning at Elmwood next year, we shall see the reappearance of a grade two class. The doors will once again open for Ottawa's younger youth. It is these students that will benefit in the years to come from Elmwood's atmosphere.

Changes occur anywhere where progress is present, and Elmwood is no exception, whatever your feelings on the changes that occur do not lose sight of the traditions that will be tested in those periods of change. It is fundamental that this years' graduating class and those of the future have those traditions and the school's reputation to lean on in the future. Elmwood has a lot to offer and each student can benefit in varying ways, the experiences and knowledge that I have gained are too numerous to mention. And so to Lisa, our new head girl, the prefects and the grade thirteen class, the best of luck and remember those successes will come when you all work together as a whole.

In closing, to my class, my friends, I would like to express my deep appreciation for the support that I have received from you during the year. I always knew that I could find encouragement in some form or another from somewhere in the depths of the common room.

To the teachers, the administration and the remaining staff thank you very much for being patient with me when I had long ago lost mine.

There are precious few gifts in life and Elmwood seems to have been doubly blessed. Thank you all very much for four magnificent years.







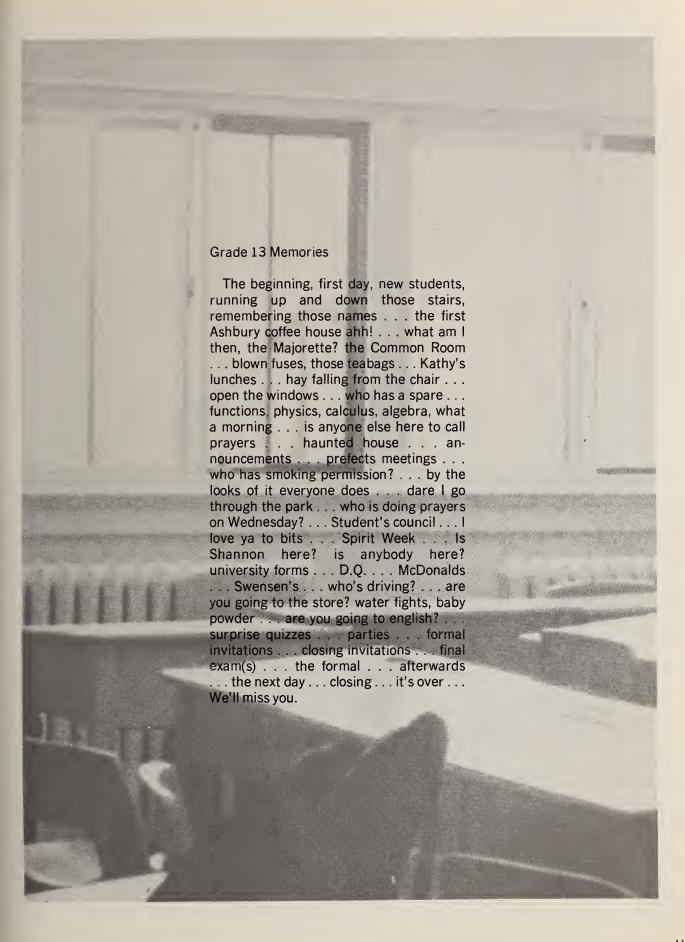


PRIZE LIST

| PROFICIENCY STANDING: | 80% and over, up to and including grade 10. 75% and over, grades 11 to 13. |
|--|--|
| Grade 3: Grade 4: Grade 5: Grade 6 Grade 7B; Grade 7S: | Yvonne Cristovici, Vanessa Cronk, Barnaby James, Stephanie McKnight. Samantha Ambridge, Genevieve LeBlanc, Vanessa Riddell, Zoe Pettengell. Allison MacFarlane, Margaret Grodde, Vanessa Smith, Sarah Young. Diane Burgess, Monica Ghosh, Tara Morrison. Rachel Acheson, Nora Gorman, Eliza James, Jane Lougheed, Anne Turner. Ashwina Bijoor, Fiona Doetsch, Claudia Fernandini, Vicky Grossman-Hensel, Matilde Hahn, Gillian Hewitt, Julie Waterhouse. |
| Grade 8H: Grade 8M; Grade 9Mc: | Tassie Cameron, Catherine Lougheed, Milena Sigmund. Lucy Jones, Judy Korecky Jill Cohen, Ida DiMenza, Nadia Jacquot, Christine Onyango, Anna Sherwood, Krista Wedekamm, Sabrina Wodrich. |
| Grade 9Y: Grade 10: | Leilani Farha, Dominique Fraikin, Chris Jodoin, Annabel Mandy, Janet Walker, Susan Westley. Christina Campbell, Giselle Campeau, Linda Martin, Janet Onyango, Elizabeth Preston, Philippa Sheppard. |
| Grade 11J: Grade 11P: Grade 12HJ: | Terèsa Basinski, Juliana Farha, Sarah Peat. Marion Jones, Sarah Onyango, Sarah Thorpe, Kalli Varaklis, Elizabeth Westley, Tatjana Wodrich. Jenny Bindman, Martha Gall, Fiona MacLeod, Darya Farha, Catherine Merklinger, Barb Paczinski, Ann Raby. |
| Grade 120: Grade 13: | Jillián Baker, Jenny Cheney, Cindy Hayes, Jenny Leslie, Joanna Pocock, Lisa Stilborn, Anne Tessier. Lynn Robertson, Leslie Saunders, Debora Seropian, Kathy Suh. |
| JUNIOR PRIZES FO | OR THE HIGHEST AVERAGE OF THE YEAR |
| Grade 4. Grade 5. Grade 6. Grade 7B. Grade 7S. Grade 8H | Stephanie Pecher Mark Zawidski Allison MacFarlane Tara Morrison Eliza James Fiona Doestch Tassie Cameron Lucy Jones |
| PRIZES - JUNIOR S | SCHOOL SCHOOL |
| CREATIVE WRITIN | IG |
| BOOK LOVER | Genevieve LeBlanc Allison MacFarlane Tara Morrison |
| POETRY | |
| BERNADETTE SHE | EPPARD PRIZE FOR DRAMA |
| MUSIC | H |
| ANT | Hadeel Shaikh Jennifer Deacon |
| | TICS CONTEST |
| SOCIAL STUDIES . FRENCH IMMERSI | Stephanie Pecher DR OUTSTANDING INTEREST Mark Zawidski Eliza James ON HISTORY GRADES 7 AND 8 Ashwina Bijoor 3 TO 6 Mai Vejjajjiva Elizabeth Davies |
| FRENCH GRADES | 7 AND 8 |
| | |

| SCHULTZ PRIZES FOR EFFORT | Fiona Doetsch Lisa Hillary Rakesh Magun |
|---|--|
| LAIDLER CUP For good character, dependability, reliability, helpfulness, and thoughfulness of others, awarded to SOUTHAM CUP FOR JUNIOR ENDEAVOUR For the highest endeavour in all phases of school life, with leadership, friendliness, and helpfulness to others, awarded to. | |
| PRIZES - INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL | |
| ROTHWELL GRADE 9 ENGLISH GRADE 10 ENGLISH. GRADE 11 ENGLISH. GRADE 9 SPANISH. | . Philippa Sheppard |
| GRADE 11 SPANISH GEOGRAPHY FRENCH IMMERSION 'GEOGRAPHIE' ART. MATHEMATICS SCIENCE ELIZABETH TANCYK SCIENCE PRIZE FOR INTEREST PRIZE FOR SUSTAINED EFFORT BELL RINGER'S PRIZE CHOIR PRIZE | Christina Campbell Janet Walker Dominique Fraikin Annabel Mandy |
| PRIZES - SENIOR SCHOOL | *************************************** |
| GREENBLATT GRADE 12 ENGLISH JUNIOR MATRICULATION FRENCH COYNE GRADE 12 HISTORY JUNIOR MATRICULATION GEOGRAPHY JUNIOR MATRICULATION MATHEMATICS FIRESTONE SENIOR MATRICULATION LATIN SENIOR MATRICULATION FRENCH | Darya Farha Jennifer Cheney Joanna Pocock Rollin Milroy Sarah Thorpe Darya Farha |
| SENIOR MATRICULATION HISTORY SENIOR MATRICULATION HISTORY SENIOR MATRICULATION ART SENIOR DRAMA SENIOR MATRICULATION MATHEMATICS. JAWIGE BASINSKI MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR SENIOR MATRICULATION SCIENCE (Biology and Physics) JAWIGE BASINSKI MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR SENIOR MATRICULATION ARTS (Classics and English) | Leslie Saunders |
| OLD GIRLS' HOUSE MOTTO PRIZE HEADMISTRESS' PRIZE | Carolann Swift |
| HOUSE HEAD AWARDS . Fry . Keller . Nightingale . GRAHAM FORM TROPHY . A GIFT OF BOOKS FOR GRADE 3 To be given in the name of a senior girl who has helped with the program in that area of the school . ALL ROUND CONTRIBUTION TO SCHOOL LIFE . EWING CUP FOR CHARACTER | Fiona Gale Leslie Saunders Lynn Robertson 7S Danielle Thompson Kalli Varaklis |
| PHILPOT TOKEN For cheerful help, loyal support and effective leadership thoughout the school body this year, awarded to SUMMA SUMMARUM | |
| Awarded to the senior girl who has tried most faithfully to live up to the ideals and best traditions of t possesses the qualities of integrity, trustworthiness, the spirit of comradeship and the capacity to ach name to be added to the illustrious list on the plaque in the hall. GOVERNOR GENERAL'S MEDAL FOR HIGHEST PROFICIENCY IN GRADE 13 | he school, and who nieve. The winner's Elizabeth Ashworth Kathy Suh |

| SPORTS AWARDS | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| JUNIOR INTERHOUSE SOCCER 1. (5, 6, 7B) | Fry: Betsy Gall |
| 2. (7S, 8M, 8H) | . Nightingale: Anamari Rođero |
| JUNIOR INTERHOUSE FLOOR HOCKEY 1. (5, 6, 75) JUNIOR INTERHOUSE VOLLEYBALL | Fry: Fiona Adams |
| FAUQUIER JUNIOR CUP FOR SPORTSMANSHIP | Anna Turnar |
| CROWDY-WEIR BANTAM SPORTS CUP. | Dominic Dominic |
| OUTSTANDING ATHLETIC PERFORMANCE (Junior School) | Jennifer Hopkyns |
| DUNLOP INTERMEDIATE SPORTS CUP | Leilani Farha |
| | Christina Camphall |
| SOUTHAM INTERMEDIATE TENNIS DOUBLES | Christina Campbell |
| INTERMEDIATE TENNIS SINGLES | Paula Gilbert |
| WILSON SENIOR SPORTS CUP | Rosemary 1000 |
| SENIOR INTERHOUSE VOLLEYBALL | 11P |
| GREEN FORM DRILL CUP. OUTSTANDING ATHLETIC PERFORMANCE (Senior School) | Elise Braithwaite |
| PHYSICAL EDUCATION GOLD MEDAL MAYNARD SPORTSMANSHIP CUP | Kathy Suh |
| | |
| INTERHOUSE SPORTS' DAY CUP | |



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REDS

MURSENEROS CLEARED OF CHARGE

PARLIAMENT SELLS TOLL

ANNIE

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ACESHUTTLE COLUMBIA)

INTEREST RATES SOAR

PODBORSKI WINS WORLD CUP

THE YEAR THAT WAS

SRAFL INVANCIAND
ROPEVISITS ENCIRED

RUBIK'S CUBE

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK

PERPPIES ARE IN
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NICARAGUA

ECONOMICSUMWITEAUS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES HAS A BABY

CONSTITUTION COMES HOME

CONSTITUTION MAGNUMPI.

MAGNUMPI.

OR COMES HOME

MAGNUMPI.

OR COMES HOME

Humour in Uniform



You've got to be kidding!



The wheel of fortune.



This is the end my friend.



John Rigby?



Play it again Sam.

THE KISS



Building the new gym.



I can't take it any more!

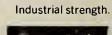


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Crest

Meditating





On sunny days I pick up cable.



Show a little leg, Heidi!



Elizabeth is MAD about magazines!



Catching flies.



Elmwood's popularity has reached the point where applicants must line up at night outside the school.



Delusions of grandeur.



She doesn't think of boys often, but when she thinks, she thinks of boys.



You know that new perfume of yours, Jen?



How old do you think I am?



The joy of . . .



This doesn't work, I need a mirror.









NOSTALGIA



This picture features the cast of the production of Noel Coward's 'Hay Fever.' Much like the ETC, this was a joint Ashbury-Elmwood venture. A few faces in this picture should be very familiar to us. The woman seated at the front, on the floor, is Sallie McCarter, now Sallie Gall, mother of Martha (who starred in this year's Big Little Y) and of Betsy. The woman sitting immediatly to the left of the woman holding the flowers is Judy Nesbitt, now Judy Reid, and mother of Sheila. The woman standing behind her, wearing an apron is Betsy Alexandor (her surname is now Regal) whose daughter will next be an Elmwood student. Another notable face in this photograph is that belonging to the man standing second from the left in the back row. Watchers of public television may recognize him to be Robin MacNeil, of the MacNeil/Lehrer Report. Thank you to Mrs. Gall, for kindly lending Samara this photograph.

AMS



This drawing, called "Decision 80" was done by a third year student in the School of Architecture here at Carleton University One thing we like about the drawing is that every one who sees it gets a different impression of what it says about life and making decisions and the

If you're leaving high school this year one "Decision" that you have to make is where or even whether to get a university education. And if you're seriously considering going into university we'd like you to think a little about Carleton

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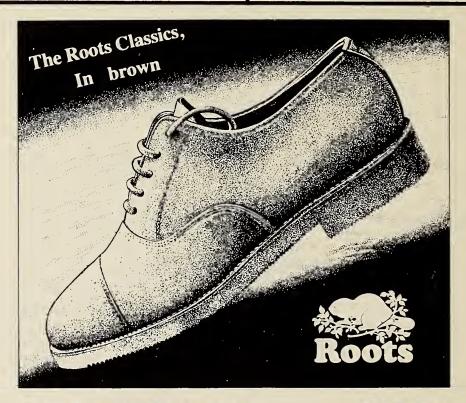
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Best of Luck to Next Year's Committee

SAMARA 81-82

Here we are wondering how we ever sold these ads or talked people into becoming patrons. Although we had hoped to fill the yearbook with ads only (no pictures, just ads) our dream was not realized. The success we did have was due to the ever present help of Mrs. Sigmund, Lisa (our editor) and Mrs. Gundy (for tracking down those illegible signatures). Thank you ladies for your support. Good luck to next year's Samara Committee, you've got a tough job ahead of you.

The SD's

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| Deacon, Jennifer | 8 | 746-7316 | 112 Acacia Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M OP9 |
| deMercado, Anne | 8 | 741-7016 | 165 Laurier East, #1, Ottawa, Ontario K1N 6N8 |
| Desprey, Donna | 9 | 729-8530 | 432 Mansfield Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K2A 2S7 |
| Devine, Gemma | 10 | 741-7680 | 238 Greensway Avenue, Vanier, Ontario K1L 7V4 |
| Dick, Kathryn | 11 9 | 1-658-2130 238-1623 | Box 2889, Postal St. D, Ottawa, Ontario K1P 5W9 458 Lewis Street, Ottawa, Ontario K2P 0T1 |
| Dictakis, Joanne Dilawri, Sonia | 12 | 839-3140 | R.R. # 1, Carp, Ontario KOA 1LO |
| diMenza, Ida | 9 | 744-2174 | 331 Elmwood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 1L0 |
| Discombe, Ariane | 11 | 238-4839 | 82 Guigue Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1N 5H7 |
| Doetsch, Fiona | 7 | 224-1470 | 1610 Apeldoorn Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K2C 1V5 |
| Doff-Sotta, Felicitas | 3 | | 75 Amberwood Crescent, Nepean, Ontario K2E 7C2 |
| Donaldson, Shelly | 12 | 741-0973 | 1951 Marquis Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 8J3 |
| Drouin, Dianne | 9 | 819-986-5067 | 579 David Street, Buckingham, Quebec J8L 2A8 |
| Dryden-Crypton, Stephanie | 3 | 740-0246 | 25 Rockcliffe Way, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 1B3 |
| Dunwald, Britta | 6 | 232-1101 | 1 Waverley Street, Ottawa, Ontario K2P 0T7 |
| Dunwald, Jutta Eyre, Janieta | 13 12 | 232-1101 746-0782 | 1 Waverley Street, Ottawa, Ontario K2P 0T7 468 Manor Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0H9 |
| Lyre, Janiela | 12 | 740-0762 | TOO Manor Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario Killyi Ons |

| Farha, Darya | 12 | 820-7809 | 2419 Rosewood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K2B 7L3 |
|------------------------|----|------------|--|
| Farha, Juliana | 11 | 820-7809 | 2419 Rosewood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K2B 7L3 |
| Farha, Leilani | 9 | 820-7809 | 2419 Rosewood Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K2B 7L3 |
| Fernandini, Claudia | 6 | 722-6042 | 539 Island Park Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 0B6 |
| Folk, Marina | 12 | UNLISTED | R.R. #1, Farmer's Way, Carlsbad Spring, Gloucester KOA 1KO |
| | 8 | 824-5401 | 15 Northpark Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1B 3R7 |
| Fournier, Julia Anne | 9 | | 35 Woodlawn Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1S 2S8 |
| Fraikin, Dominique | | 232-1425 | |
| Fripp, Renee | 7 | 733-6200 | 1860 Fairmeadow Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 7B9 |
| Gale, Fiona | 13 | 1-256-1041 | 80 Clyde Street, Almonte, Ontario KOA 1AO |
| Gall, Betsy | 7 | 745-1917 | 280 Park Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0E1 |
| Gall, Martha | 12 | 745-1917 | 280 Park Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0E1 |
| Gatti, Samantha | 7 | 235-3607 | 71 Glen Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1S 2Z8 |
| Getzinger, Karen | 8 | 235-2693 | 10 Mount Pleasant Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1S 0L8 |
| Ghosh, Monica | 6 | 745-3270 | 53 Rebecca Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 6C2 |
| Gibson, Deborah | 11 | 523-0208 | 2337 Wyndale Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 7A5 |
| Gilbert, Paula | 11 | 225-0079 | 1330 Henry Farm Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K2C 2E4 |
| Gilbertson, Mary | 4 | 741-1548 | 2014 Gatineau View Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 7X1 |
| Goneau, Jo-Anne | 8 | 828-0641 | 15 Costello Avenue, Nepean, Ontario K2H 7C3 |
| Goodman, Bonnie | 12 | 828-1724 | 873 Dundee Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K2B 5T2 |
| Gorman, Nora | 7 | 225-8722 | 1204 Lampman Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K2C 1P8 |
| Gossage, Susanne | 5 | 745-0156 | 84 Union Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 1S1 |
| Grace, Joanne | 11 | | 62 Rothwell Road, Gloucester, Ontario K1J 7G6 |
| Grainger, Nicola | 9 | 741-1079 | 1962 Marguis Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 8J4 |
| Gray, Rachel | 12 | 234-4954 | 132 McLeod Street, Ottawa, Ontario K2P 0Z6 |
| Grodde, Margaret | 5 | 744-1841 | 18 Maple Lane, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 1G7 |
| | | | 18 Maple Lane, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 1G7 |
| Grodde, Hester | 4 | 744-1841 | |
| Grossman-Hensel, Vicky | 7 | 741-7357 | 50 Belvedere Crascent, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 2G4 |
| Hahn, Matilda | 7 | | 23 Crichton Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 1U5 |
| Haider, Caroline | 5 | 731-9469 | 418 Smythe Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 5A4 |
| Hall, Elizabeth | 4 | 234-6972 | 55 Grosvenor Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1S 4S1 |
| Hamlyn, Melinda | 6 | 1-258-2113 | R.R. # 4, Kemptville, Ontario K1S 4S1 |
| Harris, Chase | 7 | 226-5941 | 50 Amberwood Crescent, Nepean, Ontario K2E 7C2 |
| Hayes, Cynthia | 12 | 538-2661 | 795 17th Crescent, Grand Mere, Quebec G9T 3T1 |
| Hearn, Michele | 7 | 746-7214 | 110 Stanley Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1V 1N9 |
| Hewitt, Gillian | 7 | 749-4538 | 387 Blair Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 7M2 |
| Hillary, Lisa | 6 | 731-5421 | 30 The Masters Drive, Nepean, Ontario K1V 9Y4 |
| Hillary, Lori | 4 | 731-5421 | 30 The Masters Drive, Nepean, Ontario K1V 9Y4 |
| Holman, Sharon | 3 | 741-3623 | 90 Buena Vista Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0V3 |
| Hopkyns, Jennifer | 7 | 236-0422 | 343 Buena Vista Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0W1 |
| Hulley, Katja | 12 | 237-2475 | 40 Lakeside Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1S 3H2 |
| Jacquot, Nadia | 9 | 746-9972 | 2 Davidson Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 6M2 |
| Jaeger, Shannon | 13 | 824-3495 | 20 Westpark Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1B 3E5 |
| James, Barnaby | 3 | 592-3899 | 56 Chimo Drive, Kanata, Ontario K2L 1Y9 |
| James, Eliza | 7 | 592-3899 | 56 Chimo Drive, Kanata, Ontario K2L 179 |
| | 4 | | 1105 Chelsea Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1K 0M9 |
| Jaouni, Akram | | 745-1748 | |
| Jaques, Nicole | 6 | 233-766 | 18 Renfrew Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1S 1Z3 |
| Jodoin, Christine | 9 | 238-6629 | 373 Laurier Avenue East, # 302, Ottawa, Ontario K1N 8X6 |
| Johnston, Jenny | 9 | 225-7626 | 2097 Navaho Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K2C 0T3 |
| Jones, Lucy | 8 | 521-4778 | 1314 Fontenay Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1V 7K9 |
| Jones, Marion | 11 | 733-2705 | 1910 Haig Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1G 2K1 |
| Kaplan, Raquel | 9 | 993-0898 | Sol. Gen. Office, Ottawa, Ontario K1A 0A6 |
| Kearsley, Kirsten | 10 | 523-7071 | 49 Sample Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1V 9T9 |
| Kelly, Melissa | 7 | 728-0123 | 31 Kenilworth Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 3X9 |
| Kelly, Lisa | 11 | 692-4664 | Rideau Valley Drive, R.R. #3 Manotick, Ontario KOA 2NO |
| Kemball, Paige | 8 | 749-0325 | 3 MacKinnon Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0G4 |
| Korecky, Judy | 8 | 731-0925 | 439 Crestview Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 5G7 |
| Labarthey, Nina | 8 | 731-7433 | |
| Lalani, Laila | 9 | 523-3585 | 2826 A Sandalwood Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1V 7P5 |
| Lam Wai Lan, Josephine | 13 | 230-6053 | 145 York Street # 809, Ottawa, Ontario K1N 8Y3 |
| Laws, Carolyn | 10 | 725-1720 | 332 Fairmont Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 1Y8 |
| Leblanc, Genevieve | 4 | 741-2879 | 452 Roxborough Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M OL2 |
| Leggatt, Susan | 11 | 596-1457 | 25 Crofton Road, Nepean, Ontario K2G N1 |
| Leslie, Jennifer | 12 | UNLISTED | 20 Lakeview Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0T1 |
| Lewin, Catharina | 4 | 745-8454 | 515 Buchanan Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 7V2 |
| Liddle, Susan | 8 | 746-4060 | 253 Blair Road, Gloucester, Ontario K1J 7L9 |
| Likins, Jacqueline | | | |
| Ling, Kim | 7 | 829-7062 | 248 McClellan Road, Nepean, Ontario K2H 7W9 |
| | 7 | 746-1955 | 334 Acacia Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0L9 |
| Lorimer, Gillian | 7 | 827-3340 | Old Chelsea, Quebec |
| Lougheed, Catherine | 8 | 839-5658 | R.R. # 1, Kanata, Ontario K2K 1X7 |
| Lougheed, Jane | 7 | 839-5658 | R.R. # 1, Kanata, Ontario, K2K, 1X7 |
| Macfarlane, Allison | 5 | 731-2822 | 2467 Wyndale Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 8J3 |
| Macleod, Fiona | 12 | 224-2519 | 3 Beaver Ridge, Ottawa, Ontario K2E 6C6 |
| | | | |

| Marana Dialas | | 004 7106 | On Directivity Double to the Control of the Control |
|-----------------------|------|-------------|--|
| Magun, Ricky | 4 | 224-7186 | 81 Birch View Road, Nepean, Ontario K2G 3G3 |
| Mandy, Annabel | 9 | 746-3186 | Suite 508, 508 Bathgate Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1K 3Y4 |
| Martin, Alexandra | 9 | 771-5271 | Aylmer Road, R.R. # 2, Aylmer, Quebec |
| Martin, Caroline | 12 | 771-5271 | Aylmer Road, R.R. # 2, Aylmer, Quebec |
| Martin, Linda | 10 | 746-1951 | 2 Maple Lane, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 1G7 |
| Martinez, Nora | 11 | 731-0550 | 194 Bourbon Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1V 9K2 |
| | | 741-2923 | |
| Maule, Nicola | 9 | | 14 Bedford Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1K 0E4 |
| Mazur, Chantel | 10 | UNLISTED | 616 La Verendrye Drive, Gloucester, Ontario K1J 7C4 |
| Mech, Melissa | 9 | 592-1767 | 1 Tiffany Crescent, Kanata, Ontario K2K 1W1 |
| Melick, Anne | 10 | 523-2545 | 397 Crestview Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 5G7 |
| Merklinger, Catherine | 12 | 744-0836 | 470 Acacia Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0M2 |
| Mierins, Lisa | 11 | 746-0146 | 250 Acacia Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0Z7 |
| Millar, Robin | 9 | 820-3876 | 18 Elmsley Crescent, Nepean, Ontario K2H 6V3 |
| Miller, Anja | 7 | 746-3389 | 100 Carleton Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0G7 |
| | | | |
| Miller, Dominic | 4 | 746-3389 | 100 Carleton Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0G7 |
| Mitchell, Wendy | 8 | 733-0618 | 23 Pentry Lane, Ottawa, Ontario K1S 0X1 |
| Molson, Caro | 7 | 731-0141 | 429 Billings Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 5L5 |
| Molson, Sarah | 9 | 731-0141 | 429 Billings Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 5L5 |
| Morrison, Tara | 6 | UNLISTED | 2387 Ogilvie Road, Gloucester, Ontario K1J 7N4 |
| Munro, Michelle | 6 | 523-9924 | #1102, 1785 Riverside Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 3T7 |
| Murray, Fiona | 9 | 749-8932 | 285 Acacia Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0L8 |
| Mutzeneek, Wendy | 11 | 828-2826 | 70 Cymbeline Drive, Nepean, Ontario K2H 7Y1 |
| McArthur, Gordon | 4 | 487-2201 | R.R. 1 Clarence Creek, Ontario KOA 1NO |
| | | | |
| McClenahan, Elizabeth | 10 | 733-2447 | 2078 Thistle Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 5P4 |
| McConnery, Jennifer | 9 | 745-4155 | 13 Appleford Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 6V1 |
| McConomy, Erin | 5 | 523-5781 | 68 Lillico Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1V 9L6 |
| McCormack, Heather | 11 | 828-8777 | 77 Stillwater Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K2H 5K3 |
| McKnight, Stephanie | 3 | 729-3739 | 214 Beech Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 3T5 |
| McLaughlin, Heidi | 11 | 225-5613 | 10 Pender Street, Ottawa, Ontario K2G 1J8 |
| Nadolny, Lynda | 12 | 728-0459 | 1954 Lenester Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K2A 1J9 |
| | 4 | 746-7193 | 35 Amberley Place, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 7J9 |
| Neuringer, Jeremy | 7 | | |
| Nichol, Mercedes | | 233-1791 | 407 Chapel Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1N 7Z7 |
| Onyango, Christine | 9 | 741-4791 | 19 Mark Avenue, Vanier, Ontario K1L 6A6 |
| Onyango, Janet | 10 | 741-4791 | 19 Mark Avenue, Vanier, Ontario K1L 6A6 |
| Onyango, Sarah | 11 | 741-4791 | Vanier, Ontario K1L 6A6 |
| Ostiguy, Lisa | 11 | 521-0549 | 139 Leopolds Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1V 7E2 |
| Paczinski, Barbara | 12 | 746-3702 | 674 Ingram Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 7A8 |
| Paparoni, Hilda | 13 | 746-5882 | 711 Manor Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0E4 |
| Patrickson, Ruby | 8 | 523-9246 | 2599 Bridle Path, Ottawa, Ontario K1T 1W3 |
| Peat, Sarah | 11 | 745-0639 | 7 Jeffrey Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1K 0E1 |
| | 6 | | |
| Pecher, Stephanie | | 741-5090 | 27 Amberly Place, Gloucester, Ontario K1J 7J9 |
| Pettengell, Zoe | 3 | 700 7004 | 60 Bearbrook Road, Blackburn Hamlet, Ontario K1B 3E2 |
| Pocock, Joanna | 12 | 733-5084 | 460 Crestview Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 5G9 |
| Preston, Elizabeth | - 10 | 746-8777 | 2016 Hollybrook Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 7Y6 |
| Proulx, Charles | 4 | 745-8631 | 2106 Radford Court, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 8K1 |
| Proulx, Roxane | 7 | 745-8631 | 2106 Radford Court, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 8K1 |
| Pullen Jodie | 9 | 224-4174 | 42 Parkglen Drive, Nepean, Ontario K1G 3G8 |
| Purkhart, Caroline | 10 | 741-2455 | 2032 Gatineau View Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 7X1 |
| Raby, Ann | 12 | 986-6975 | P.O. Box 100, Buckingham, Quebec J8L 2X1 |
| Reid, Sheila | 11 | 749-9482 | 741 Lonsdale Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1K 0J9 |
| | | | |
| Reilly, Tina | 12 | 741-4857 | 1947 Mulberry Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 8J9 |
| Rhodes, Cindy | 9 | 746-9965 | 540 Fairview Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario KIM 0X5 |
| Richards, Anne | 8 | 829-3686 | 10 Nanimo Drive, Nepean, Ontario K2H 6X7 |
| Rickerd, Julie Anne | 6 | 749-3619 | 594 Duff Crescent, Gloucester, Ontario K1J 7C5 |
| Riddell, Vanessa | 4 | 746-3768 | 45 Noel Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 2A4 |
| Roberts, Lisa | 6 | 749-2680 | 1008 Adley Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 8B9 |
| Roberts, Patricia | 7 | 749-7106 | 74 Rothwell Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1J7G6 |
| Robertson, Lynn | 13 | 224-0619 | 87 Villa Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K2C 0H7 |
| Robinson, Virginia | 9 | 741-2421 | 500 Lisgar Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ontario K1R 5H3 |
| Rodero, Ana Maria | 8 | 741-7399 | |
| | 5 | | 26 Belvedere Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0E5 26 Belvedere Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0E5 |
| Rodero, Lourdes | | 741-7399 | |
| Rodero, Rodrigo | 3 | 741-7399 | 26 Belvedere Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0E5 |
| Rogers, Heather | 11 | 692-3802 | 54 South River Drive, Manotick, Ontario KOA 2NO |
| Ruddock, Niquette | 10 | 741-8169 | 47 Birch Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1K 3G5 |
| Rudy, Jessica | 11 | 731-8244 | 365 Roger Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 5C1 |
| Saunders, Leslie | 13 | 828-2042 | 28 Aluetain Road, Ottawa, Ontario K2H 7C8 |
| Schiolder, Tegan | 6 | 235-1222 | # 16, 310 Cathcart Mews, Ottawa, Ontario K1N 5C4 |
| Schmidt, Alison | 8 | 741-1324 | 633 Gaines Drive, Gloucester, Ontario K1J 7W7 |
| Schmidt, Laura | 5 | 741-1324 | 633 Gaines Drive, Gloucester, Ontario K1J 7W7 |
| | 3 | | |
| Scott, Kathleen | 3 | 729-5395 | 481 Island Park Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 0B2 |
| Sender, Emily | | 234-1640 | 416 McLeod, Ottawa, Ontario K2P 1A6 |
| Seropian, Debbie | 13 | 820-7543 | 844 Edgeworth Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K2B 5L6 |
| Shaihk, Hadeel | 3 | 819-561-101 | 14 Colette Street, Touraine, Quebec H1T 3T1 |
| | | | |

| Sheppard, Philippa | 10 | 237-2060 | 32 Imperial Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1S 3E1 |
|--------------------|----|----------|---|
| Sherwood, Anna | 9 | 741-6707 | 48 Kilbarry Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1K 0H1 |
| Sigmund, Milena | 8 | 737-4433 | 1819 Arizona Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 6Z4 |
| Simpson, Karyn | 7 | 746-5075 | 5 Bradgate Drive, Nepean, Ontario K2J 0R7 |
| Simpson, Mary | 13 | 828-2493 | 1 Wick Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 7H1 |
| Smith, Vanessa | 5 | 744-1246 | 383 Mariposa Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0S7 |
| Soar, Rachel | 8 | 729-3458 | 211 Melrose Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 1V3 |
| | 6 | 224-6675 | |
| Stalter, Elaine | | | 1118 Normandy Crescent, Nepean, Ontario K2E 5A4 |
| Staseson, Heidi | 5 | 741-6407 | 3 Putnam Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 1Y8 |
| Steiner, Judy | 12 | 731-5094 | 2336 Tampa Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 7K3 |
| Stewart, Katherine | 8 | 526-0235 | 2040 Thistle Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 5P5 |
| Stilborn, Lisa | 12 | 236-8765 | # 901, 151 Bay Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1R 7T2 |
| Stoltz, Heather | 10 | UNLISTED | 1030 Plante Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1V 9E6 |
| Suh, Kathryn | 13 | 746-0972 | 441 Acacia Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0M3 |
| Swift, Carolann | 13 | 745-8074 | 71 Crichton Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 1V6 |
| Taib, Jamilah | 13 | 226-6545 | # 2101, 900 Dynes Road, Ottawa, Ontario K2C 3N6 |
| Tavel, Robyn | 8 | 728-1616 | 2021 Killarny Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K2A 1P9 |
| Tessier, Anne | 12 | 663-5629 | 59 Ruskin Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1Y 4A8 |
| Thompson, Danielle | 12 | 233-1812 | 119 Mason Terrace, Ottawa, Ontario K1S 0L2 |
| Thorpe, Sarah | 11 | 224-5330 | 37 Indian Road, Ottawa, Ontario K2G 1P1 |
| Titus, Sandra | 12 | 824-5368 | 32 Highpark Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1B 3G8 |
| | | | |
| Todd, Rosemary | 11 | 733-7208 | 3756 Revelstoke Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1V 7C4 |
| Toth, Barbara | 8 | 745-9372 | 275 Mariposa Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario K1M OT4 |
| Treich, Denise | 7 | 684-2662 | 7 Nelson Road, Aylmer, Quebec J9H 1E7 |
| Turner, Anne | 7 | 731-8571 | 412 Smythe Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 5A4 |
| Varaklis, Kalli | 11 | 828-9710 | 13 Myrtle Avenue, Nepean, Ontario K2H 8E5 |
| Vejjajiva, Mai | 4 | 749-5008 | Royal Thai Embassy, 489 Acacia, Ottawa, Ontario |
| Vejjajiva, Napa | 7 | 749-5008 | Royal Thai Embassy, 489 Acacia, Ottawa, Ontario |
| Waterhouse, Julie | 7 | 825-5066 | 41 Courtleigh Drive, Box 1279 R.R. 2 Nepean, Ont. K2C 3H1 |
| Walker, Janet | 9 | UNLISTED | 1244 Lampman Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K2C 1P8 |
| Wedekamm, Krista | 9 | 828-4709 | 19 Ridgefield Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K2H 6R8 |
| West, Caroline | 9 | 523-2635 | 2333 Wyndale Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1H 7A5 |
| Westley, Elizabeth | 11 | 832-2378 | R.R. #1, Barlow Crescent, Dunrobin, Ontario KOA 1TO |
| Westley, Susan | 9 | 832-2378 | R.R. #1, Barlow Crescent, Dunrobin, Ontario KOA 110 |
| Whitehead, Andrew | 3 | 824-3315 | |
| | | | 1729 Stoneboat Crescent, Orleans, Ontario K1C 1W7 |
| Wiggins, Susan | 11 | 749-3297 | 33 Lambton Road, Ottawa, Ontario G7S 3L3 |
| Willis, Paula | 12 | 728-6910 | 7 Jewel Street, Thornhill, Ontario L35 2J1 |
| Wilson, Lara | 8 | 744-3360 | 408 Buena Vista, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0W3 |
| Wodrich, Sabrina | 9 | 746-5103 | 20 Crescent Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0N3 |
| Wodrich, Tatjana | 11 | 746-5103 | 20 Crescent Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0N3 |
| Woloschuk, Quentin | 10 | 829-8289 | Box 11203 Station H, Nepean, Ontario K2H 7T9 |
| Wong, So Ling | 12 | 521-9178 | # 1009, 1591 Riverside Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1G 4A7 |
| Wong, Mimi | 11 | 230-6053 | # 809, 145 York Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1N 8Y3 |
| Woods, Penelope | 13 | 236-0167 | 545 Montagu Place, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0J2 |
| Wright, Elisabeth | 12 | 749-0205 | 147 Kinzua Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0C7 |
| Wright, Meredith | 8 | 523-0035 | 2599 Flannery Drive, Ottawa, Ontario K1V 8M4 |
| Wurtele, Susan | 12 | 745-9948 | 16 Lambton Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0Z5 |
| Young, Sarah | 5 | 232-6751 | 96 Marlowe Crescent, Ottawa, Ontario K1S 1J1 |
| Yushita, Yurie | 11 | 741-1863 | |
| Zawdizki, Mark | 3 | | 1 Crescent Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1M 0N1 |
| Zawuizni, Wai K | 3 | 749-3574 | 542 Buchanan Road, Ottawa, Ontario K1J 7V4 |







For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

